

FORMERLY "THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S WEEKLY"

FRANK MANLEY'S

GOOD STORIES **WEEKLY** OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1905 by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 1.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

FRANK MANLEY'S REAL FIGHT!

OR, WHAT THE PUSH-BALL GAME BROUGHT ABOUT.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."



Looking up from his fainting chum, Frank Manley growled: "The cur who'll do that ought to be thumped!" Biff! Joe was like a flash. "It's done!" he reported, as Leeson sprawled.

GOOD STORIES OF YOUNG PATRIOTES

OR WHAT THE TUB-BALL GAME BROUGHT ABOUT



Frank Manley's Weekly

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FRANK MANLEY'S REAL FIGHT;

OR,

What the Push Ball Game Brought About.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

FRANK MANLEY.—Hero of the stories, who is an all-around athlete and a fine example of what an American boy is and should be.

HAL SPOFFORD.—Frank's chum and right-hand man. A fine athlete and an all-round good fellow.

JOE PRESCOTT.—One of the club's heavyweights, and a youth with a fiery disposition and quick temper.

JACK WINSTON.—When taken into the club was a weakling, but through Frank's wonderful system of training has become one of the leading all-around athletes in the club. He is a wonderful sprinter. Age 14.

DICK GAYLORD.—One of the members who does a good deal of thinking of ways to help the club along, but in most cases it turns out disastrously.

WALLIE EGBERT.—A summer member of the club; a weakling, whose father paid the club a sum to take him in hand and make him healthy and strong. Frank has taken him under his personal care, and Wallie has improved wonderfully.

INOW SATO.—A Japanese student at the academy. A little fellow, 18 years old, and a master of jiu-jitsu. He is a member of the club, and teaches them jiu-jitsu tricks, which prove extremely valuable to them at times.

The fellows named above are members of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club, and students at Dr. Holbrook's Academy.

KITTY DUNSTAN.—The daughter of John Dunstan, one of the richest men in Woodstock, and Frank's acknowledged sweetheart.

GRACE SCOTT.—Kitty's school chum, who visits her occasionally, and who takes a great interest in Hal. This feeling is mutual.

TOD OWEN.—Captain of the Bradford Athletic Club, a rival of the Woodstocks. One time an enemy of Frank's, but now his warm friend.

HEK OWEN.—Tod's father, an ex-wrestler and fond of sports. Backer of the Bradford Club.

GUS HEPNAK.—Tod's chum and lieutenant of the Bradfords. He is a very poor sportsman, and an enemy of Frank's.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

There was a general gathering of loosely-clad boys before the door of the simple-looking gymnasium building.

The time was exactly five in the morning.

The youngsters had gathered, according to orders, for the morning run that was to start this bright September day.

"All here?" called Frank Manley, captain of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

"All except Dalzell and Hollister," reported Al Adams, secretary of the club.

"Excused?" asked Frank.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Studies."

"That's all right, and about the only excuse that goes," smiled Frank.

All of the boys outside were dressed in running trunk jerseys and running shoes.

The young captain took a moment's look inside to make sure that the others were dressed and ready for the run.

"Squad leaders, get your men together," shouted the young captain, who was also the trainer of all sections of the club.

For this morning's work the thirty or so youngsters were divided into five squads.

Each had its leader, and each now lined up around that leader.

"Squad one, off for seven miles," called Frank.

This was looked upon as a long morning run, suitable only for the most seasoned and best-winded members of the club.

Squad two went off for a similar distance, but over another course.

Squad three came in for a six-mile run; squad four for five miles—the standard distance for a morning run in the club.

Last of all, squad five was started on a four-mile run.

In this even Wallie Egbert, the weakly thirteen-year-old youngster who had been placed in training with the club at the beginning of the summer, was now permitted to run for the first time. His exultation at this acknowledgment was great.

"Now, we slow-pokes will get our crutches and hobble over the ground," laughed Frank, when he had seen the squads off.

The "slow-pokes" were the five members of the Board of Control, which was made up of Captain Frank Manley, Hal Spofford, the club's lieutenant; Joe Prescott, Jack Winston, the fourteen-year-old member, and Al Adams, the secretary of the club.

With them was Inow Sato, the Japanese member of the club and a student at Dr. Holbrook's Academy. Manley had wanted the Jap elected a member of the board, but Sato had pleaded that he was in this country to study hard and that he would have little time to help in the management of the club. Sato, however, advised the board whenever his opinion was asked, and he was with them this morning.

"I don't want to go this morning," objected Joe, with mock petulance.

"What's wrong?" demanded Frank, suspiciously.

"Sick."

"What's that?"

"Well, I had too much ice cream, candy, peanuts and cigarettes last night."

There was a general laugh, for Joe was in strict training, with the ambition of becoming one day a star professional baseball player.

To eat anything forbidden, or to do anything out of training, would be a virtual impossibility with Prescott. He thought so much of his ambition that he would never allow anything to get in the way of it.

"Anyone else out of condition?" asked Manley, with pretended gravity.

"I am," declared Hal, raising his right hand.

"What's wrong with you?"

"Ate a hearty breakfast just before coming here."

"That's a poor lie," muttered Joe, contemptuously.

It was a rule, of course, that these morning runs had to be made on arising and before breakfast.

"Come, Sato," hailed Winston, "it's time for your exercise."

"I cannot run at all this morning," answered the Jap, without a flicker of a smile. "Last night I ate a great din-

ner—three times as much food as Manley allows us. Then I drank too much beer and smoked all the evening. This morning I have just had a beefsteak, three potatoes and four big cups of strong coffee. I——"

But with a whoop the young athletes pounced upon the Jap. They lifted him clear of the ground, and bore him swiftly along the street.

"What's matter?" laughingly protested the Jap, as he strove to free himself.

"You're sick," retorted Hal. "We're taking you to a doctor."

"A fellow who'll do the things you've done doesn't deserve anything better than to be trusted to a doctor's care," growled Joe. "We're going to leave you on the door-step of the first young and innocent doctor we come across."

"Don't!" begged Sato, piteously. He redoubled his efforts to get away.

"Be quiet," warned Manley. "You deserve this, Sato, after your confession. And we're going to do worse than turn you over to a doctor. We're going to bribe him to give you medicine!"

With a howl of pretended terror that must have awakened some of the good old sleepy-heads in Woodstock, the Jap gave a combination of twist and spring that carried him free of his tormentors.

He landed on his feet, running at a pace that gave his pursuers some good, hard work in catching up.

The race carried the squad clear of the town.

Up over the hills toward Barberville they ran at a good, swinging gait that would quickly have winded a new distance runner.

Of course, the stories told of breaches of training had been inventions pure and simple.

Training among the Up and At 'Em Boys was of the strictest kind.

A member who did not care to stick absolutely to training rules, as laid down by the Board of Control, and approved by the club, was allowed to resign.

All of the runners in this little squad of six were in perfect physical condition.

And they should have been, too, for all through the summer they had camped and had undergone hard, unceasing training.

That training had borne results, for the club's nine had won the county amateur pennant. The club, through various members, had won many athletic contests besides.

But now the first week of school was on.

Camp had been broken. The tents were stored until another season. School life was on in earnest, and now, instead of waking at camp at four in the morning, the Up and At 'Em Boys were under orders to report at the gym in season to be ready for the run at five o'clock.

To leave camp had made most of the fellows feel, as Hob Prouty had put it, "as if someone had died in the family."

But the fall with its football and the winter with its glorious ice sports, was ahead of them, and the more sensible fellows had already ceased to regret the passing of the camp.

Two miles and a half the board and their Jap adviser ran. Then Manley led them at a vault over a wall, and they scampered to a grove.

Down on the grass under one of the trees they threw themselves.

They had other business on hand this morning than mere running.

"Now," begged Hal, "let's make up our minds what the fall is to be like for us."

"The plan of the fall campaign," suggested Frank, with a smile.

"That's it," agreed Joe. "Come out with your plans, Frank."

"How do you know I have any?" retorted the young captain.

"Because you wouldn't be Frank Manley if you hadn't the whole thing thought out. I'll bet you had the plans all mapped out by the middle of August."

"Well, anyway, I'd like to hear from you fellows."

"It'll save us time and effort if you'll spring the plan," retorted Joe.

"If we don't like your plan we can kick all right, when we hear it," suggested Jackets, amicably.

"Well, of course, the main thing for the fall will be football."

"Hear the man!" cried Joe, with enthusiasm.

"But it seems to me," went on Frank, "that there's no use in admitting all of the fellows to the football grid. A few of our fellows don't train as faithfully as the rest do. They're not exactly soft, but they're——"

"Only half-way in condition," suggested Hal.

"That's it," pursued the young captain. "Now, I'm going to suggest that the half-baked fellows be kept out of the football."

"There'll be a din of merry war over that proposition," hinted Joe, grimly.

"I expect it," admitted Frank. "But my plan will have, or ought to have, the effect of waking up the laggards. Make a fellow realize that he can't go into any sport that he's not fit for, and it ought not to take long to make him decide that he'll get fit without delay."

"But are the fellows who are not wholly fit to be debarred from football altogether?" inquired Jackets.

"Why, of course the unfit ones can't play on the regular eleven. And I don't believe in allowing any of them even an occasional game on the second eleven. Suppose we weed out those who are not wholly fit, and say that they can practice with the ball two afternoons a week, but that they play only among themselves, and that they don't get in the way of the first and second elevens?"

"That'll make a howl," replied Hal, thoughtfully.

"Well, they ought to be made to howl," retorted Frank. "Fellows who belong to the club, and who won't work hard enough to keep up with the band ought to be made to carry the water pails."

"I vote for that," assented Joe.

"I'd go farther," went on Frank. "Suppose we order all members who are not in fit condition be required to do an

hour's brisk work in the gym on four afternoons or evenings in the week, and that on those afternoons they be not allowed on the athletic field?"

"Another howl," predicted Al Adams, "but I'm with you."

"The fellows who are not in standard condition," put in Inow Sato, "ought to be kept to the gym right along until they make good."

"Even in the ice season?" asked Joe.

"Yes," nodded Sato.

"Right!" clicked Frank. "For there isn't a fellow in the club's laggard squad that can't be fit before the ice comes. If he knows that his skating, hockey and curling, to say nothing of ice sailing, are to be doled out in small quantities unless he first qualifies in physical condition, then he'll qualify."

So these rather stringent rules were adopted, subject to ratification by the club. But so far the board's rulings had never been rejected by a meeting of the club.

"Now, for this week, we ought to have a push ball try with the Bradfords," proposed Frank.

"We haven't got the ball yet."

"It'll be up on the noon train, I believe."

"Push ball for this week, then," nodded Hal.

"For next week," resumed Manley, "how about a pole-vaulting contest with Bradford or some other club?"

"We ought to," nodded Joe. "The summer developed some good vaulting among us."

"And after the pole vault?" inquired Jackets Winston.

"Why, after that, I believe we ought to get down, in good earnest, at football, and——"

"Say!"

"That's it!"

"Whoop!"

"I seem to have pleased you all," laughed Frank.

"Sure thing!" grinned Joe.

"Football," went on Captain Manley, "will keep us fairly busy until after Thanksgiving. Of course, there will be some other sport along with it. And then in December——"

"The ice!" cheered Hal.

"Then it looks as if our programme was pretty well settled until the ice forms on Green River," spoke up Al Adams.

"But how about the gym?" asked Hal, suddenly. "There to be no regular work there?"

"Regular work, of course," answered Frank. "But the fellows who have made themselves fit don't need to drill in squads any more. They know how to take their gymnastic work in their own way and at their own time. But every now and then, and especially on stormy afternoons or evenings, I'll get the fellows together and show some new scheme of work."

"Are we all agreed?" hinted Joe.

The rest nodded.

"Then the fall's work is mapped out," replied Frank. "With your consent, gentlemen, I'll map out a scheme of

work by dates and have Al make copies of it. Later on we can meet to consider the detailed scheme."

This, also, was agreed to. Joe Prescott, always impatient to be through with a thing, rose and sniffed the air.

"On a fine morning like this," he declared, "I feel like hunting trouble."

"Wouldn't it be easier to keep quiet and have it brought to you?" queried Hal, ironically.

CHAPTER II.

TROUBLE BREWS.

"The air does feel good this morning," cried Al Adams, taking in deep breaths with gusto.

"A run home—just a mere run—seems tame," observed Jackets.

"We want excitement, I guess," smiled the Jap.

"Then my idea isn't a bad one," chimed in Joe.

"What's that?"

"Let's go and hunt trouble."

"It seems to me," objected Frank, mildly, "that in the past we've found too much trouble for us now to go wilfully hunting it."

"Oh, rot!" ejaculated Joe, impatiently.

"Joe has the floor," proclaimed Jackets.

"Talk up Joe—or forever hold your peace!" ordered Adams.

"Now, it's up to you, old fellow," hinted Hal.

"What do you all want?" demanded Joe.

"Name your brand of trouble," directed Manley. "Tell us what kind you propose to hunt—where it is to be found—what we're to do with it. In fact, we want you to provide the trouble, with a detailed scheme for handling it when we find it."

Joe deliberated, but his brain was not fertile.

"Oh, pshaw!" he uttered, disgustedly. "This morning my brain seems as dry as one of Manley's speeches on how to be good."

Frank grimaced. The joke was on him. But he replied, soberly:

"Very good, Joe. If you're too dull to think up anything, I'll suggest the method of getting home. It's some time since we's tried a game of 'Follow My Leader.' Do you fellows want me to be leader on the way home?"

"Yes," said Jackets.

"Good!" breathed Hal.

"Great!" approved Adams.

"Then give me a little time to think it out, and I'll plan the details."

"We won't drop any fellow who fails this morning," proposed our hero at last. "But each fellow is to keep account of every failure he makes, and he must own up at the end of the run."

"A sort of take what you want and pay what you like," ventured Jackets, mischievously.

"Oh, no! Every fellow is on his honor to keep square hunt. Are you all ready?"

"Ready!"

"Then come along," challenged Manley. "Each fellow to hop forty steps on his right foot only."

"Oh, oh!"

On that uneven ground it was not as easy as it seemed.

Only Hal succeeded in keeping with Frank to the last.

Then the young captain jogged a short distance, after which he called:

"Now, forty on the left foot only!"

"Oh, say!"

But they went at it just the same, and this time Manley had the honor of being the only one to do it.

"Jog!" he commanded, sharply, and down the field they jogged at no more than a slow dog trot.

"Sprint!" shouted Manley.

He darted off like a flash, followed by the others of the pack.

Straight for a low bit of the stone wall the young leader headed.

"Watch out!" he called back. "Follow your leader!"

Forward he went on his hands, his feet flying up in the air.

It was a somersault whose flight carried him over the wall and brought him to his feet on the other side.

"Sprint!" he flung back after him as he darted down the dusty road.

All of the pack followed the young athlete over the wall.

But Joe Prescott, who was the last to make the somersault came down uncertainly on his feet.

He swayed for a brief instant, then, with a grunt, turned and sat down.

For a moment he gazed disgustedly at the figures disappearing down the shaded road.

Then he tried to leap to his feet, but succeeded only in sitting down once more.

"The dickens!" muttered Joe. "I believe I've hurt my ankle!"

Squatting, he felt anxiously at the tendons of his right ankle.

"A hurt, sure enough," he grimaced. "I hope it isn't a bad one."

Still squatting, he removed the running shoe and the sock. Then, with a critical air of an expert in such injuries, he examined the aching ankle with a good deal of deliberation.

"Not as bad as it might have been," he pronounced, with a sigh of relief. "I wish I didn't have to walk home, though. I wonder if the fellows will miss me and come back to look for me?"

While waiting to find out he drew on his sock and shoe in a gingerly fashion, for the ankle was throbbing not a little.

Minute after minute passed, without a sign of any of the fellows returning.

"If they miss me, they'll think I'm only up to another of my pranks," grunted Joe. "Well, I'm served right anyway. I proposed hunting for trouble. This is it! I ought to feel satisfied now."

For several minutes more Joe remained seated on the

ground. He had just a ray of hope that, after all, the fellows might miss him and come back.

If they did, Joe, who knew the value of resting tendons after they have been wrenched, intended to send the fellows after a wagon.

He would then go home and rest until the next day, when he would hope to find his ankle much improved.

At last, however, Joe abandoned the hope of such rescue.

Nor did anyone seem to be driving over the road so early this morning.

"I can't rot here," grunted the impatient young fellow. "I've got to do something to get at least part way into town."

Looking around, he espied, just on the further side of the wall, a clump of straight young saplings growing.

"Why, there's a stick that I can cut with a crotch," he cogitated. "Using that as a cane I ought to get home in famous style."

It was necessary, in rising, to stand, for a moment, on his right foot.

Joe managed to do it, though with a wince of pain.

Then he reached out a hand to the wall, and, with this support, managed to get astride of the wall.

Once over, and still leaning on the wall, he managed to reach the saplings.

By good luck Joe had acquired the habit of carrying a sort of pocket in his running clothes.

This was a chamois bag, held by a string around his neck and resting inside his jersey.

In this bag, in addition to some loose change, was a pocket knife.

With this Joe cut down the crotched stick that he wanted.

It was a stout bit of young hickory, well suited to the purpose.

Finishing the trimming of this crude cane, Prescott tried a step.

"It ain't immense, but I can manage with it," he grunted. "Say, but after this I'll quit pining for trouble before breakfast!"

Just then, however, Joe thrilled with delight at hearing the sound of footsteps out on the road.

"I can send for a wagon," was the thought that flashed through his mind.

Leaning forward, he peered through the verdure.

But the sight of the new-comers did not exactly reassure him.

They were two tramps, dusty, ragged, dirty and vicious-looking.

"I don't know about hailing them," muttered Joe. "From their looks, they'd be more likely to get me down and take away my togs to sell. And I'm in no shape for scrapping this morning."

The verdure hid him from the two strollers at the roadside.

Joe surveyed their hard faces dubiously. He was in trouble, and wanted help, but he did not care to leave the uncomfortable frying pan for the scorching fire of downright adversity.

Just in front of the saplings, on the other side of the wall, the two tramps halted.

"This is as good a place as any other," pronounced one of the pair.

"Yes; and I'm glad those youngsters who passed us down the way didn't linger. They look like a husky bunch when there's trouble around."

"Yes. Young athletes. Those kind of chaps are always spoiling for fight."

"Now, why in the world should you fellows object to having a lot of decent young fellows around?" wondered listening Joe.

The next words that he heard from the pair gave him a jolt—a mental cold water douche!

CHAPTER III.

THE TROUBLE THICKENS.

"They'll be here in two or three minutes," suggested one of the tramps.

"It may not be as easy as you think, though."

"Easy? Why, the easiest kind of easy! I saw them two women go by this morning. They had a man in the cart with 'em—husband of one of the women, I guess. I heard enough to know that they was driving him in to Woodstock to catch an early train. Each of the women wore a small fortune in diamonds on her. They'll be coming back without the man. The only thing they'll have with 'em is that little cockney driver. He won't be no good!"

"You saw 'em coming up the road?"

"Yes; through a break in the trees. And here they come now. Quick! Get behind the wall. Jump out as soon as you see you're needed. Keep awake!"

At a bound one of the tramps was over the wall. He landed close by Joe, but without seeing him.

After a quick look around, the tramp who remained in the road threw himself down in the dust of the middle of the highway.

In that same instant Joe heard the rattle of wheels. A pair of horses were coming along briskly.

It had all happened so suddenly that Joe had but little time in which to make up his mind.

"Mischief!" flashed through his brain. "Oh, the trouble that I prayed for—like a fool—is sure enough coming! And me in this shape!"

Ere Joe had time to think out even a pretense at a plan the on-coming carriage had reached the scene.

It was a handsome spring-board trap—a two-seated vehicle.

On the front seat was a cockney driver, a pompous-looking little fellow.

On the rear seat were two rather over-dressed women.

In the first swift, flashing look, Joe caught the gleam of diamonds in their ears and at their throats.

But, at this juncture, all Joe's attention was centered on the tramp in the road.

He had thrown himself down across the wagon track and was groaning wretchedly.

"Hi, there! Git hout hof the way!" shouted the driver, pulling at the reins.

"Help me!" groaned the wretch in the dust.

The driver had only the choice between driving over the tramp or of bringing the horses to a halt.

He chose to do the latter.

"What is it, William?" queried one of the women, in a shrill voice.

"A drunken tramp, ma'am."

"Oh, oh, oh!" groaned the tramp, while Joe stood spell-bound at the startling little drama.

"Come! Get hup hout hof the way!" stormed the cockney.

"Can't. I'm hurt. In the name of heaven help me!" implored the prostrate wretch.

"William," commanded the same woman, "get down and see what is the matter with the poor fellow."

"But, ma'am——"

"Obey me instantly!"

"Hand leave the 'orses?"

"They'll stand. They're used to it. At least, get down and move the fellow out of our road."

The order seemed such a sensible one that the cockney hesitated no longer.

Placing his whip in its socket, he wrapped the reins around the former.

Then he got down, and, with a great deal of reluctance, approached the dirty fellow in the road.

"Come, now," growled the cockney, "what's the matter with you?"

"I'm hurt here," groaned the tramp, moving one hand in pretended febleness over his chest. "Take a look at my hurt."

"Yes, William," commanded the same woman, "take a look at the fellow."

Grumbling under his breath, William dropped on one knee.

"Now, then," he admonished, "show me w'ere you're hurt."

"Here."

William bent closer, and that move was his undoing.

In the same instant the tramp suddenly became astonishingly active.

Reaching up with both hands, he grappled with the Englishman.

There were yells, oaths, and, in a twinkling, the tramp was on top, with the badly scared cockney underneath.

Piercing screams rang from the women, too. They seemed paralyzed with fright as the second tramp sprang over the wall, making a dash for the horses' heads.

"Now, then, Willie boy," Joe admonished himself, "this is where you try to show that you're alive!"

None of the other actors in the drama saw him hobble two steps to the wall.

Though he winced with the pain, Joe reached the wall, treading himself there.

"Hold on, there!" he called, almost drawlingly, but his voice rang with warning.

Like a flash the attention of all the other actors in the scene centered on him.

Even the badly scared little cockney almost forgot to be afraid.

As he stood there, all but erect, and, to all seeming, wholly at ease, Joe Prescott looked every inch the handsome, perfect, unafraid young athlete.

"You two rascals are engaged in breaking the law," he went on coolly.

"You git," warned William's captor, yanking the cockney to his feet and giving him a kick that sent the frightened little man dashing down the road.

"It looks as if you villains intended robbery," went on Joe, coolly, though his heart beat fast and his pulses throbbed with pain. "You'd better scoot!"

"I'll make you scoot!" retorted William's late captor, making a break in Joe's direction, while the other tramp, having seized the bridle of the nearer horse, turned to watch.

The women, too, forgot to scream, and looked on with absorbed, even if trembling, interest.

"Oh, no you won't," retorted Joe, swinging jauntily the stick that he had cut for a crutch. "I can thrash the daylight out of you both."

William's late captor had halted, cautiously, just out of reach of that stick.

But he quickly made it plain that he did not intend to abandon the attempted robbery without at least a fight.

Joe realized this like a flash and his heart sank within him, though he managed to utter, with vastly more bravery than confidence:

"My gang is near enough. Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!" he shrilled, making his voice travel far as if in signal to others. "Fellows!"

"Stop that!" warned the tramp, eagerly.

He tried to close in.

"Back, or I'll brain you!" defied Joe.

Now the woman in the wagon who had commanded William to get out recovered some of her presence of mind.

With pantherish agility she bent over the front seat, seized the whip and aimed a swift blow at the tramp near the horses' heads.

Mr. Tramp dodged, but in doing so he let go of the bridle.

Alarmed by the swish of the whip, the horses bolted forward.

Joe saw the same woman half spring, half roll over the front seat. By great good luck she got the reins. As the horses dashed around a bend in the road they seemed to be under some control.

Prescott's heart gave a great bound of joy.

Helpless as he was, he had foiled the robbery.

But in another instant he had more troubles of his own to consider.

"We owe you a killing for that, yonker!" thundered the tramp who had vanquished William.

"Stand back!" roared Joe, swinging his club, and almost reeling with the pain in his ankle. "If I can't handle you both alone I'll have enough in a minute."

"You can't bluff us any more!" sneered the fellow, his face purpling with rage. "Stand up, pard! We'll get him!"

Pard closed in on the other side.

Both men had cleared the wall, and now Joe found an assailant at either side.

Unable to turn quickly, he aimed a blow at the head of the leader.

But the blow was dodged, and in the same instant Prescott found himself gripped at the throat from behind.

With a yell of real anguish, Joe was dragged to the ground.

CHAPTER IV.

JOE ON THE RACK.

"Scared, eh?" gloated the leader of the rascally pair.

He leered at Prescott with keen enjoyment.

"Scared?" growled Joe, in disgust. "Of what? Anything in your class?"

"Then, what made you yell so?" demanded the brute, seating himself astride of the young Woodstock athlete.

"Because you——"

"——hurt me," Joe had been about to finish, but he bit his tongue in the nick of time.

If these brutes knew that his ankle was wrenched and swollen, what might they not do to aggravate his suffering?

"You had some reason for yowling," argued the brute, wonderingly.

As he spoke he shifted one of his legs over Joe's body. In doing so he touched Joe's right foot.

Not for the life of him could Joe repress the wince of pain, though no sound came from his lips.

"Oho!" muttered the tramp, noting Joe's expression. "Guess I've struck the trouble."

He took a rather hard grip on Joe's injured ankle, peering ahead to study the young athlete's face.

"Struck it!" jeered the fellow, triumphantly. "Pard, this kid bluffed us while he was standing on a game foot. What do you think of that?"

"I think he hindered us from hauling in a small fortune, curse him! That's what I think," came the growling reply.

"That's what you did, younker," admonished Joe's oppressor.

"Glad I was able to do something useful," retorted Joe, defiantly.

"Glad, are you?" bellowed the brute.

"That's what I said," came the plucky challenge.

"Then we'll make you change your song!"

"You can't!"

"Can't, eh? Well, we'll see. Pard!"

"Yep!"

"Grab the kid by the shoulders and hold him down."

"Yep," came the answer, as the other brute pinned Joe securely. "What are you going to do?"

"Have a little fun."

"How?"

"Going to twist the kid's sore ankle."

Joe groaned inwardly, though not a sound came through his lips.

Gripping the right foot, the brute sat on Joe's left foot before the latter could use that still useful member.

"Now, then—easy—so!"

The brute gave a not hard turn, watching Prescott's face intently.

Joe gripped his hands, set his teeth firmly, and made no sound.

Yet he knew that his tormentor could carry the anguish to a point where it would be impossible to stifle yells.

"How does it feel, kid?"

Not a word came from Joe.

"We'll try it a little harder," ventured the brute, enjoying his "sport" as a cat enjoys playing with a wounded mouse. "We'll do it a little harder each time until we get it to a point where you'll be able to sing!"

"It was just about here that we came over the wall."

At sound of those few words, in a familiar voice, Joe's pulses gave a great throb.

"Glory Hallelujah!" sank through his brain. "That's Hal!"

The tramps, too, had heard the voice, and it made them jump.

The fellow at Prescott's head was a quick thinker.

Like a flash he let go of Joe's shoulders in order to shut off the young athlete's speech.

But Joe had just time to utter:

"Here, Hal, quick! I'm——"

His speech ended in a gasping gurgle. His throat was held in so tight a vise that he could not emit another sound.

"Gracious!" cried Hal. "That was Joe's voice, and it sounded like real trouble. Quick, Inow!"

The two boys came over the wall a little further down the road. The saplings still hid Joe and his captors from their view.

But the tramps, after a moment of indecision, in which it was evident that Hal and Sato meant to search the entire vicinity, obeyed the dictates of discretion.

Letting go of Prescott, they leaped to their feet.

In another instant they were streaking across the field for the forest as fast as they could go.

"Get them, Hal!" bellowed Joe.

"Go to thunder!" yelled back one of the brutes.

The tramps were showing that they were naturally wonderfully fast runners.

They covered the ground at great leaps. In a minute more they would be lost to view in the forest.

There is a huge difference, however, between natural fast runners and trained sprinters of the first class.

Swiftly though the tramps bolted, Hal and Inow follow like a pair of fleet-footed hounds.

Hal and Inow each picked out his man.

Before Hal's man had covered three hundred yards, Inow, with a long leap, was on his victim's back, and dragged him to the ground.

Forty yards further on the Jap dragged down his

In each case the scuffle that followed was of so short duration as hardly to count at all.

Then the air was filled with yells, as each young athlete, having got his man prostrate on his face, proceeded to tie his captive up in approved jiu-jitsu fashion.

Joe, just able to sit up and see over the uneven ground, watched the proceedings with a grin of great enjoyment.

"We'll take them back to Joe," proposed Hal.

So both captors dragged their prisoners to their feet. Though their hands were tied, the tramps refused to budge.

But Hal and Inow overcame all opposition by digging their finger-tips into the ligaments around the "funny-bones" of their prisoners.

This exquisite torment reduced the tramps to submission.

After a short, useless talk, they allowed themselves to be led back to where Joe sat.

"Hurt, old fellow?" queried Hal, anxiously.

"Wrenched ankle—that's all," rejoined Joe, composedly.

"How did you get it?"

"Landed badly in trying that somersault over the wall."

"We didn't really miss you until we'd got 'most in to the gym," went on Hal, hurriedly. "Then Frank sent us back to see if anything was wrong."

"Mighty glad you came," acknowledged Joe.

"Which ankle is it?" demanded Sato, hastily, and, receiving a reply, the Jap bent to take off the shoe and sock and examine the injury.

While Inow was busy Joe hastily recounted what had happened.

The two bound tramps, mute and sullen, stood by, quite well aware that any effort to get away would only make matters worse for them.

"You scoundrels!" burst indignantly from Hal, as he faced the two brutes.

"Well, he spoiled our little job," retorted the leader of the pair.

"As any decent citizen would do," exploded Hal. "Just you wait a few moments, and we'll attend to you."

Then, while keeping an eye on the prisoners, Hal watched Sato's work.

"It isn't very serious sprain," announced the Jap presently.

"Good for about a week of lameness?" asked Joe.

"Yes; if doctor treat it. But I can fix it better. You know, jiu-jitsu men have many such injuries to treat in Japan. We have been doing it for centuries, so we know what to do. Many times pupils in jiu-jitsu schools get such injuries while wrestling. I will fix ankle so that, if you rest at home to-day, to-morrow you will not be very lame."

"Going to put it in splints?" asked Joe.

"Not unless you want stiff ankle all the time."

"What, then?"

"I will manipulate it now, with my hands. Then this noon I come to your house again. To-night also I come. To-morrow morning you cannot run or wrestle, but you can walk fairly well."

While he spoke, Sato began softly to manipulate the seat of the injury.

"That is enough for now," said Inow, replacing the sock, but not the shoe. "Soon we get wagon and take you home. Then I bring you a liniment and treat ankle again."

"So you Japs use liniments, too?" inquired Joe, with interest.

"Oh, yes."

"What do you Japs make your liniment of?"

"Oh, when we are away from Japan, we use any good liniment of the country we are in. I will bring to you the best liniment I know of for such injuries."*

Now that his ankle began to feel easier, Joe gave his attention to the captive brutes.

"What are you going to do with these prize beauties?" he demanded of Spofford.

"Hurt 'em," retorted Hal, grimly.

"How?"

"By punishing them in a place where we'll break no bones," rejoined Hal, a grin coming to his face.

"See here, younker, don't you dare to get too gay with us," warned the leader of the brutes.

"Shut up!" snapped Hal.

"Remember that you won't always have a chance to be on the top of the heap. If you do things to us now, we'll find a chance to get even if we hang for it."

"Oh, rot!" snapped Hal, impatiently. "See here, my men, if you don't want a double dose of whatever is coming to you, your best policy will be one of unbroken silence."

The brute again opened his mouth to speak, but Spofford cut him short by forcing him to the nearest strong sapling.

To this Hal tied him with another strong cord.

Sato, without waiting for instructions, treated his captive in the same fashion.

Hal next proceeded to cut a few substantial switches. The Jap imitated him.

"See here, what are you going to try to do?" hoarsely demanded the leader of the brutes, savagery flashing in his eyes.

"Going to trim you where no bones will be broken, but where you'll need a poultice before you can sit down," replied Hal, pointedly and briefly.

"If you dare——"

Swish! Hal brought one of his switches down smartly over the seat of the wretch's trousers.

"Ow! Stop that!"

Swish! cut!

"Ow! Stop, or I'll——"

Cut! cut!

"Well, what'll you do?" Hal inquired, as he continued vigorously to ply his switch in the same fashion.

"I'll kill you the first chance I get! I'll——"

Swish! cut! cut!

"Ow! O-o-o-o-o-oh! Stop!"

Cut! cut! cut!

* Complete directions for making this best liniment will be published soon in The Young Athlete's Weekly, in connection with the football stories. It is fine for use in all cases of sprain or bruise, and should be kept on hand always on the football field.—Editor.

"You would twist a helpless fellow's sprained ankle?" demanded Hal, shifting to a new switch, and laying it on with huge relish. "This isn't hurting you as much as you hurt our friend, but it gives you an idea of pain, anyway!"

"Oh, you'll smart for this!" roared Spofford's victim between howls. "It will make you sick when you look back and think of this time!"

Cut! cut! cut!

"Will it?" queried Hal, laying on his switch with undiminished enjoyment. "The motto of our club is: 'Don't worry. The past you can't help. The future you don't know anything about. Do the very best you can in the present.'"

With which Hal proceeded to lay on his blows with more vigor than ever.

Sato, too, was busy with his man, and the air was full of their loud yells and hoarse threats.

"See here," admonished Spofford, finally, as he took up his fourth switch and proceeded to apply it according to directions, "I might as well tell you fellows something. This treatment is to continue just as long as you keep on yowling. Whenever you stop altogether, you'll get a certain number more of blows and then the punishment will end. Every time you open your mouths you insure yourself more discomfort."

Cut! cut! cut!

Working away as if they knew not the meaning of fatigue, the two young athletes soon had the satisfaction of noting that their victims no longer dared to protest.

"That's enough," muttered Hal, throwing down his switch at last. "Inow, we'll untie these fellows and turn 'em loose. On second thought, though, we won't untie 'em. We'll just leave that for someone else to do. But we'll help 'em over the wall and see 'em safely started."

The very sore brutes started over the hill in the direction of Barberville.

Then, while Sato stood by Joe, Hal hastened off for a wagon.

Joe reached home safely, wholly cured of his desire to "hunt trouble."

CHAPTER V.

A SPLIT IN THE WOODSTOCKS.

It was push ball the next morning.

The first practice in this new and highly exciting game was had at the club's athletic grounds.

Being a wholly new sport to all of the club except the young captain, push ball was an attraction that brought every member to the field.

Then, when it was over, Manley called a meeting of the club.

"I am glad you're all here this morning," began our hero, "for yesterday the board discussed some new rules, and we wish to submit them to you."

"New rules of training?" broke in Hob Prouty, the clumsy boy, apprehensively.

"Well, I might say, rather rules about those who are not in wholly fit condition all around," replied Manley. "We

shall soon have to pick out our football material, and the board has decided to report a rule that no member who is not thoroughly fit in every way is to be allowed to play on either the first or second elevens."

A lively murmur went up at this declaration. The boys, squatting on the ground before the grand stand, looked eagerly at their captain.

"A sensible rule, I think," commented Dalzell.

"Who do you call the fit ones?" asked Hob, suspiciously.

"All those who can pass all the tests for sound condition," answered Manley.

"Am I one of the fit ones?"

"I don't believe it would be proper for me to answer such a personal question," Frank rejoined, with some hesitation.

"Well, I want to know," insisted Hob. "I am not going to vote in the dark."

"And I want to know, too," proclaimed Lucas.

Others, too, chimed in, but Dalzell made himself heard above them.

"The board discussed other matters yesterday, didn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Frank.

"Let us have all of the board's decisions, if you please. Then we can discuss the whole subject at once."

Frank stated, concisely, the decisions reached by the board. The squatting members listened with eager, close attention.

Doubt was written on several faces. It wasn't mere coincidence that the most doubtful looks were found on the faces of those few who knew that they had not trained as faithfully as they should have done.

"I don't like the rule," grumbled Hob. "I move that we reject it."

"Second the motion," came quickly from Lucas.

"It is moved and seconded," put Frank, "that the rule relative to admission to the football elevens be rejected. All in favor please say 'aye.'"

"Aye!" came a prompt, substantial chorus.

"All opposed say 'no.'"

"No!" came the quick answer. The dissenters shouted at their loudest.

"The chair rules that the 'ayes' have it," announced Manley.

He looked about him to see whether any of the dissenters desired a count of hands.

The dissenters, too, glanced about, seeking encouragement from each other.

But these same dissenters appeared to feel that any count of hands would only serve to show a minority who feared that they could not pass the condition tests.

After what proved to be an embarrassing pause, Frank Manley announced:

"The chair decides, then, that the new rule has been adopted by a majority of the members. The rule therefore becomes a part of our club law."

The dissenters were sullen during the rest of the discussion, which resulted soon in the adoption of all of the decisions of the Board of Control.

"There's a little time to spare," called Frank, after announcing adjournment of the meeting. "Those who care to might as well have another try at push ball."

Though the practice began again, the number of players was not as great as might have been expected.

Hob Prouty and George Lucas talked aside by themselves.

One or two other fellows joined them.

Joe, who was walking carefully, though without much limp this morning, moved over to where Frank and Hal stood looking on.

"That rule has made trouble, Frank," Prescott suggested.

"Nothing that won't blow over, I guess," smiled Frank.

"It is a necessary rule, anyway."

"Of course it is. But there are malcontents in camp. Look at Prouty and Lucas, and those other fellows talking over there. They don't like the new rule a little bit."

"I am afraid they'll have to like it," rejoined Frank.

"The club has voted for it."

"Look at that now," suggested Joe in an undertone.

Hob and Lucas had separated. They were moving in and out among the members, talking with them.

Among others, Hob approached Si Prentiss, the lanky, deliberate, good-natured boy.

In an instant the watchers saw a queer look come into Si's face. He said something in a very few words, then turned his back on Hob.

"No satisfaction there," chuckled Joe.

Si seemed to hesitate for a few moments. Then he walked over to where Frank and his two chums stood.

"I don't like to carry tales, Frank," drawled Si. "But I reckon I'd better ease my mind a bit. Prouty and some others are sounding the fellows as to whether they don't kinder think that it's about time to have a new captain for the club."

"I'm willing," smiled Frank, composedly.

"But I'm not!" retorted Joe, hotly.

"Reckon I ain't, either," drawled Si.

"We'd better put a short hitch on this new kick," suggested Hal, with energy.

"Don't do anything of the sort," advised Frank.

"Why, are you going to be the one to counsel mutiny in a club that has earned some little fame for its perfect discipline. We've never tolerated any kicking before."

"There's another way of looking at that question," replied Frank, quietly.

"What's that, then?"

"Well, our club is, or ought to be, a good deal like a little republic. Every member has a share in the government of the club."

"He has his vote," amended Hal.

"And also a right to his opinion," pursued Frank. "Now, if there are any fellows in the club whose opinion differs with that expressed in the vote, they have a perfect right to keep those opinions and to air them."

"But that's a good deal different from kicking," maintained Hal. "Kickers are the death of any club. We never had a split in the Woodstocks before, and we don't want one now."

"Men often have to kick before they can have their opinions listened to," rejoined Frank.

"Then you feel that you can have patience with Hob and Lucas, and some of the other fellows that agree with them?" demanded Hal.

"Yes," said Frank. "They all have a right to their opinions. And they have an equal right to make their opinions prevail through discussion. That's always the right of citizens of any kind of a republic—whether that republic be a club or a nation."

"I guess things are coming to a head, then," announced Joe. "Here comes Hob and Lucas."

These two dissenters were now coming toward our hero. At their heels came a very considerable following.

"Something on your mind, Hob?" hailed Frank, pleasantly.

"Yes," retorted Prouty, gruffly. "Some of us have been talking things over, and we'd like to have another meeting, since none of the fellows have gone away yet."

Frank looked swiftly over the malcontents, then nodded.

"Very good. We'll call the fellows together again."

Quickly the club was reassembled.

"Now, then, Prouty," began Frank, amid an intense stillness, "do you stand as spokesman for those who want to be heard?"

With so many pairs of eyes fixed upon him, Hob became uncomfortable. He turned fiery red.

"I—I—not particularly," he stammered.

"Go on, Hob!" prompted Lucas. "You know just what we want to say."

"Yes, go on, Hob!" came a chorus of demand.

"Hob! Prouty!"

Three or four of the fellows shoved the clumsy boy further forward.

"Well, then, I will state the case," agreed Hob, gaining courage from the clamor. "There are a good many of us who object to the rule that was adopted a little while ago."

"Put a motion to have the rule reconsidered," jibed Hal.

"That rule ain't the whole situation," retorted Hob. "That rule is just a part of Frank Manley's own way of running the club. That's the whole trouble. I don't want to be accused of disrespect to our present captain, but I think—and a good many others here think—that we've had about enough of one captain."

"That's it," agreed Lucas, and a little cheer went up.

Frank faced the demonstration with composure.

"Frank Manley is all right, and a first-rate athlete," went on Hob. "Nobody can say otherwise. But we begin to feel that Manley has been captain so long that he sort of thinks he owns the club."

"Good!" came from three or four of the kickers.

"Now, we sort of think," went on Hob, "that we'd like to try a little while under some other captain."

"A new captain! Yes; that's it!" cried Lucas, swinging his cap.

Several of the dissenters shouted their approval.

Frank held up his hand for silence. After a little the tumult subsided so that he was able to make himself heard.

"The situation has been clearly stated," he announced, coolly and pleasantly. "I accept the situation. I now resign all office in this club!"

"No, you don't!" shouted Hal, darting forward.

"Not for a minute!" snorted Joe, angrily.

"You have heard me," insisted Frank. "I resign all office in this club. The resignation takes effect immediately."

Then there was riot for a little while.

Loyal friends surged about our hero, demanding that he retract his declaration.

But Frank shook his head, firmly maintaining his course.

Suddenly Hal's voice was heard bellowing over all the din:

"Order! order! order!"

Hob, Lucas and some of the others looked greatly delighted over the ease with which their victory had been secured.

"Come to order, please," roared Hal once more. Then, as he was obeyed, he went on:

"The question has never arisen before, but, now that Manley has resigned, I suppose it develops upon me to take the chair. Therefore I take the chair. Any objection?"

There was a hush, but no dissenting voice arose.

"There is a question before the meeting," went on Hal, energetically. "Captain Manley has tendered his resignation."

"I move it be accepted," voiced Hob.

"Second it," interjected Lucas.

Hal stated the question, but called for the vote to be taken by roll-call.

That proved something of a stagerer. There were some among the dissenters who did not like to go on record at this early stage of the game.

But Al Adams began calling the roll.

These were the members who voted to accept the resignation:

Prouty, Lucas, Wrenn, Butler, Cranston, Dockery, Gaston, Corliss, Humphrey, Taylor and Hornung.

All of the other members voted rousingly against accepting the resignation of Frank Manley.

"Motion to accept is lost," shouted Hal. "I therefore call upon Captain Manley to resume the chair. And I propose three rousing cheers for him."

The cheers were given with vim. Winston, Sato and a few others fairly pushed Manley to the fore again.

Manley was as composed as ever.

While the voting had been going on he was noting the personnel of the kicking faction.

Hob was a strong boy and useful in some forms of the club's work.

Humphrey was a fairly good athlete, but an impulsive, impatient fellow who could not brook much control.

Taylor and Hornung had been at one time in the club's crack baseball nine, but had been dropped in favor of better players.

Their dissatisfaction, therefore, was to be ascribed to "looseness" against Manley.

As for the other kickers, they were among the least prominent members of the club.

"Speech, Manley!" roared a dozen voices at once.

There were a few hisses.

Manley waited composedly for silence.

When he could make himself heard easily he said:

"My friends, I thank you for what may be termed your vote of confidence. But I want to say right here and now that the time may come any day when the best interests of the club will be served by a change of captain."

"No, no, no!"

"The captain of this club has always had charge of the training. A trainer, to be efficient, must be somewhat autocratic. Probably I have been pretty strict in carrying out my training orders. I hope so. As long as I continue to be captain I shall be strict about the discipline."

"That's right!" came a howl of approval.

"But at any moment when the club wants a change in captains," proposed Frank, "I am ready to step down and out. And I will go into the ranks and be the first to accept cheerfully the authority of the new captain. There are several others in this club who are as well fitted to lead as I am——"

"No, No, No!"

"——and I shall be not only willing, but glad, to have another leader chosen at any time."

Hob had been conferring in whispers with his own faction.

Now he raised his voice to announce:

"Some of us have decided to keep away from the work of the club until a new captain has been chosen."

"Get out, then!" roared Joe. "Scoot!"

"No, no! Let us be moderate," appealed Frank. "Let us have peace between the factions, if there must be factions."

But Hob started doggedly toward the dressing quarters. Lucas marshalled others in behind him.

Thus, in a mass, the dissenters marched over to dressing quarters.

Jeers followed them.

Joe Prescott watched in disgusted silence until the last of the kickers had passed into the little building.

"I move," he shouted, "that the conduct of those fellows be regarded as the handing in of their resignations. And I move, further, that those resignations be accepted at once."

"Second the motion!" came promptly from Hal.

"Fellows, it seems to me that it will be well not to be too hasty," called Frank.

"Question! Put the question!" insisted Sato, and a cheer followed this insistence.

So Frank had no choice but to put the question. It was carried unanimously.

Then Hal moved adjournment until four o'clock in the afternoon.

This, too, was carried.

But those who had remained in the club, and who stood by Frank Manley, waited until the dissenters had dressed and left the grounds.

CHAPTER VI.

FRANK STARTS TO FIGHT.

It may be readily believed that excitement ran high in the factions that day.

Informal meetings were held at noon. Even at recess little groups got together.

Of course, news of the split in the club became spread about Woodstock.

Those who believed in the work of the club were sincerely sorry.

It looked to them like the beginning of the end of the club.

Hob and his fellows were loud in their discussion of the plan of organizing another club.

This would be certain to create bad feeling in the town.

Several times during the day encounters between members of the two factions were narrowly avoided.

Inow Sato left the academy before the end of the afternoon session.

Manley, Hal, Joe and other members of the loyal faction hastened to the club's grounds the instant that the school session ended.

Hob, Lucas and the rest of the kickers met in an appointed place.

At a few minutes after four they appeared before the gate of the club's athletic grounds.

"Hullo," hailed the smiling Inow Sato, perched at the top of a ladder that rested against the locked gate of the grounds.

"We're coming in," Hob informed him.

"I am very sorry," replied the Jap. "You cannot do it just yet."

"Why not?" flared Hob, while the other dissenters crowded around him.

"Because you are not members," stated Sato, serenely.

"Since when?"

"This morning."

"Who says so?"

"The members of the club voted that you had all resigned."

"But we didn't," raged Hob.

"That was the vote," retorted Sato, undisturbed.

"Let us in."

"I cannot."

"Then we'll break the gate in!"

"If you try to I shall be obliged to call club members. They will most likely thrash you."

"Like to see 'em do it," flared Hob.

"They do it all right," stated the Jap significantly. "But if you want to wait a little while until club meeting is over, then visitors will be admitted."

This was rubbing it in with a vengeance.

All of the kickers were indignant. Humphrey was for rushing the gate, but the cooler ones realized that such a course meant to invite a thrashing, and so they waited impatiently until they could find out just what this new and unexpected move meant.

Inside a very earnest session was in progress.

Frank had realized, through the day, that prompt and vigorous action was needed in order to make sure that there were no more threatening splits in the club.

Whether he remained captain or not, he wanted to see the future of the club assured.

So he had decided upon a very brisk fight to the finish.

He and Hal had perfected a plan which was now being proposed to the fellows of the loyal faction.

The discussion lasted hardly longer than the time taken up in presenting the plan.

Then Manley called out:

"Are there any visitors, Sato?"

"Yes, a few who would like to come in," called back the smiling Jap.

"Let them in, please."

So Inow Sato climbed down from his perch, unlocked the gate and threw it wide open.

"Visitors are admitted," he announced, briefly, and then turned to walk briskly over to where Manley and his friends waited.

Full of outraged dignity, Hob marched at the head of his faction:

"Halt!" he ordered, as the little group of kickers neared the other fellows.

"It seems," roared Hob, "that we were locked out."

"Yes," smiled Frank. "There was a meeting of the club in progress."

"Then, why weren't we admitted?" insisted Hob, growing very red.

"It was voted this morning that those of you who declared your intention of taking no further part in the club's work had resigned. The resignations were then accepted by unanimous vote."

At this cool announcement ten blank faces showed behind Hob Prouty.

"This is a high-handed outrage," blustered Hob.

"All of the present members of the club had a hand in it," rejoined Frank, calmly.

"But we are still members of the club. This is an attempted expulsion—more Frank Manleyism."

"You're dead wrong there," broke in Hal. "Captain Manley tried to stem the tide of action. He was overruled by the rest. Call it expulsion that has hit you if you wish to put it that way. A majority of any club's membership has a right to expel members who have made themselves undesirable."

"We'll see about this!" raged Hob, turning to his angry followers.

"We've taken some rather important action this afternoon," Frank went on quietly. "If you care to hear I'll tell you about it."

"Go on!" growled Hob.

"Well, then, we've voted that the membership in this club shall be limited to thirty-six. In view of the accepted resignations of eleven members there are now quite a few vacancies in the membership list."

"Yes, quite a few!" sneered Hob.

"We have a good many applications from outsiders who wish to join," Frank retorted coolly. "To-morrow afternoon at four o'clock we shall meet and vote on all applications, selecting enough applicants to bring the club membership up to thirty-six."

"Oh, you will?" asked Hornung, uneasily.

"New members, hereafter, will come into the club on a different footing than formerly," went on Frank, not heeding the interruption. "All new members hereafter will become simply probationary members. They will have no vote in the club's affairs as long as they are probationary members. After six months, however, on the probationary list, the club may elect them to full membership, with a vote on all questions."

"Well," challenged Hob.

"The case is just this," said Frank, pleasantly. "If any of you fellows who have resigned from the club wish to reconsider your action, you can put in your applications in writing at any time before four o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"Huh! Oh, yes!" jeered Hob.

"Applications can be accepted only in writing, and should be handed or sent to Al Adams. Now, fellows, we don't want to be harsh with you over any little disagreement. So I tell you, plainly, that we now have on hand more than enough applications to fill our membership list to the limit. But before we consider any of these, we have decided that to-morrow afternoon, first of all, we will take up and vote upon the applications that are received from any of you. We can't take you back in a body, but we'll vote on the case of any fellow who applies in season for reinstatement."

"As full-fledged members?" demanded Taylor.

"No; if you come in it will have to be as probationary members, under the new rule."

"With no vote?"

"With no vote," mimicked Hal.

"At least, not until six months of probation have been served," went on our hero.

"That's great!" jeered Hob.

"It is the vote of the club, based on to-day's happenings," declared Manley.

"It's a blamed outrage," snorted George Lucas.

"Oh, I guess we won't worry," vaunted Hob. "Perhaps we can get up our own club."

"You can easily," smiled Frank. "There are enough of you to form a very fair club."

"And we can get plenty of other members."

"I don't doubt it."

"Fellows," gruffed Prouty, turning to the crowd that had elected him their spokesman, "I don't see what we're wasting any time here for."

"That's the stuff," snapped Humphrey. "Come along, fellows."

"So I say," agreed Lucas.

Followed by the quizzical smiles of the present members, Hob's eleven marched off the field.

Down the street they went a little way in silence.

But, when they reached an open field, and halted there, angry clamor broke forth.

"The time has come!" proclaimed Prouty, in fine scorn.

"Form a new club!"

"That's the ticket!"

"Down with Frank Manley!"

"Let's hold an executive session," proposed Hob.

Then and there the idea caught on. Within a half an hour plans had been fairly well perfected for forming the rival Woodstock club.

"We'll see if we can't get financial support from the citizens of the place, too," declared Hob.

The kickers went home to supper that evening full of their plans.

They even secured several prospective additional members for the new club.

And that same evening Hob Prouty received proffered and generous help so unexpectedly that he fairly raced around town to spread the news among his cronies.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MUTINEERS DO SOME THINKING.

"Hob has a backer."

Hal turned this information over to our hero when the club's two leaders met at the gym the following morning just before five o'clock.

"A backer?" Frank smiled quizzically.

"Just what I said," declared Hal. "Hob has a man with money behind him. The new club is to be properly financed from the start."

"Isn't our club properly financed?" smiled Frank. "If it isn't, we shall have to have an investigation, Hal. For you're the treasurer."

"But it looks as if the fellows in Hob's new club won't have to work for anything they want. It will be provided for them by this unknown backer."

"Oh, he's an unknown backer, is he?" asked Frank, and by this time several of the fellows who had just arrived stood around the captain and the lieutenant of the club.

"Have you heard the news about Hob's backer?" demanded Hal.

"Not a word," answered Frank.

"I have," came from some of the others.

"As soon as I heard, last night, I called you up on the 'phone," explained Hal, "but I could get no answer."

"I went to bed early," nodded Frank. "Well, what about Hob's backer? Who is he?"

"That's the mystery," replied Hal. "Hob got a letter, enclosing a fifty-dollar bill. The writer of the letter didn't sign his name. But he cheered Hob for his independence and stated that a friend stood ready to see the new club properly started. Hob was instructed to look around for a place that could be used for a gym, at a rental not greater than three hundred dollars a year. Hob was promised that, if he got together a club which could give us a real rub, the writer of the note would see that apparatus for the gym and for sports was purchased."

"And Hob was also offered so much a head for every new

recruit he could get from our club, with a few of us barred," smiled Frank.

"How do you know that?" questioned Hal, in surprise.

"I don't know it, but I guessed it."

"Then, guess who the unknown backer of Hob's club is," begged Hal.

"You can guess for yourself, if you stop to think," rejoined Manley. "In the first place, that unknown is someone who dislikes some of us. Of course, he has a reason, and a strong one, for that dislike. He is also, evidently, a man with a good deal of money. And he is not a gentleman, or he wouldn't deal in anonymous letters. Now, whom does all this description fit in the way of a Woodstock citizen?"

Hal pondered for a few moments.

So did the other fellows.

Suddenly a great light dawned in Hal's eyes.

"I believe I've hit it," he announced.

"I guess so," Frank nodded encouragingly.

"It's old Borgen—the scoundrel!" flared Hal.

"It must be," nodded Frank. "You see, away back in the winter we helped Chief Griscomb in his efforts to clean out that nest of Poles up at Zekker's. Zekker was selling liquor without a license. Borgen, who is a retired liquor wholesaler, was backing Zekker, and lost a lot of money through the Finn's downfall. You remember Borgen's share in that absurd scheme for having me arrested on a charge of sending threatening letters through the mail? Of course, Borgen would lie to see me downed, and some of the rest of you, too. This looks like his chance. He is Hob's unknown backer, without a doubt."

"If it's Borgen, and he has started in this thing, he'll spend a whole lot of money to back a club that can down us," said Hal, thoughtfully.

"And the new club never will down us," spoke up Joe, with decision.

"Why do you say that?" asked our hero.

"Because the new club is founded by kickers and mutineers—fellows who can't endure discipline and hard, steady training. A club without discipline and without hard, steady training, is never going to beat this club while it runs as it has in the past."

"Right," clicked Frank. "That is my guiding principle, and has been all along. Bradford never stood any show with us until it buckled down to hard work. Now Bradford gives us a hard rub, and it's going to make us hustle more. But a lot of fellows like Hob will never get up early enough or train hard enough to make us uneasy."

"Then Hob's club will go down quickly, as far as the backer is concerned," suggested Hal.

"Yes; if the backer really is Borgen. For his only object in backing a new club would be to see us driven out."

"I'll see to spreading the report that Borgen is the unknown backer," declared Hal.

"Always bearing in mind," suggested Frank, "that you can't prove that he is."

"The mere suspicion that Borgen has anything to do with it will keep decent fellows away from Hob," asserted Spoford.

Borgen was not liked in Woodstock. He was a man with few friends, and none of them of any consequence locally.

"Jupiter!" cried Joe. "Here comes Tod Owen."

"He's welcome," replied Frank, cordially, as he glanced down the road.

Tod was coming up in a buggy, driven by his father's man.

Greetings were exchanged affably as the driver pulled in the horse and Tod Owen, captain of the rival Bradfords, leaped down to the ground.

Tod and Frank had been enemies for months, although all the enmity had been on Tod's side. Tod had been mean, unscrupulous and vicious.

But, by degrees, a change had come about in Tod. He had made overtures to Frank, but as he had been granted Manley's friendship before and had abused it his overtures had been coolly received.

But one night Tod had "butted in" against assailants of our hero, and had saved Frank at a good deal of risk to himself.

Truce had thereupon been patched up between the two captains.

They were now on the best of terms, and would continue to be unless Tod did something to alter the situation.

"What's this about Hob Prouty?" asked Tod, in a low voice of our hero.

"We were just discussing that interesting young man," replied Manley, and detailed the situation to Tod.

"He called me up on the telephone yesterday afternoon," went on Tod, "and strung a long yarn about some row in the Woodstock club. From what he said I thought he was hinting indirectly at our taking the kickers into our club. But there are kickers enough in the Bradfords now, without importing any, and I conveyed as much to him. And last night he called me up again and told me something about a wealthy backer. He hinted that his new club might soon send us a challenge."

"Yes?" queried Frank.

"I told him," added Tod, "that our paying any attention to his challenge would depend upon recognition by your club. In other words, if you would have nothing to do with his club neither would we."

"That must have hurt his feelings," smiled Frank.

"I guess it did," laughed Tod. "Hob went on to talk in a grand sort of way. I got so tired of listening that finally, without a word, I hung up the receiver and rang off in the middle of one of his pompous sentences."

"You stood by us first rate, Tod," said Frank, warmly.

"I tried to, and always shall try. Is this new move going to hurt you any?"

"Well, it takes away from us eleven men who have been training with us all summer. But, with two or three exceptions, they were men who could best be spared. Of course, Hob himself will be missed in work where sheer strength, without quickness, is required."

"But it won't affect your crack teams?" asked Tod, rather anxiously.

"Not at present, anyway. Football is the main thing

ahead of us, and the mutineers didn't stand much show for the elevens. That was the whole cause of the kick, I guess. Yet it was the bringing in of push ball that started the whole rumpus. While discussing push ball and the sports that were to follow, we decided on our new rules, and that brought the trouble to a head."

"Got some good new men up for membership?" queried Tod.

"Well, it's new material that we vote on this afternoon. They're untried men, but of course some of them may develop into crackerjacks after a few months of trial. Look at Winston here. When he joined the fellows thought I was playing a practical joke on the club."

Just then Frank's gaze rested on the clock in the gymnasium.

"Quarter after five! Gracious! We must get out on the road!" our hero uttered.

"Running, eh?" questioned Tod.

"Yes; in squads."

"Any objection to my running with you? I came over in my togs on purpose."

"We'll be glad to have you go out with my squad," replied Frank. "We are doing a seven-mile jog this morning."

Like a flash, Tod began to divest himself of his outer clothing.

Underneath he wore the jersey and the short trousers of the runner. From the buggy he produced a pair of running shoes that he donned in haste.

"I am going to try to steal some points on your running, if I can," Tod announced, candidly.

"You're welcome to all you can get," laughed Frank. "If there is anything that puzzles you, talk up and we'll make it clear. How many of the fellows are here this morning?"

Al Adams, who had been taking a quiet roll-call, showed the list.

Four of those who had been loyal the day before were absent now.

Possibly they had overslept; possibly they had remained away for other reasons. It was also possible, of course, that they had been won over to the mutineers. In that case, the Up and At 'Em Boys had been split into about equal halves.

But quickly the reorganized squads were made up and as quickly they raced away.

Tod thoroughly enjoyed his run that morning—the first that he had ever enjoyed with the Woodstocks.

He proved a mighty agreeable companion, too.

"I'll be anxious to know how your fight comes out to-day," he announced, as Frank's squad neared the gym on its return.

"Then be over at the grounds before four o'clock," suggested Frank. "We'll admit you to the meeting under a pledge of secrecy."

"Why, I'd be delighted to come," cried Tod.

Through the day Hal, Joe, Winston, Adams, Si Prentiss and a few others carried on a vigorous campaign.

The four "loyal ones" who had absented themselves from the morning run declared that they had not left the Wood-

stocks, and had no intention of doing so. Whether they were candid or not remained to be seen.

Hob had paid but little heed to his studies through the day.

Before school in the morning, at noon and during the recesses he had done some active campaigning, in which Lucas had helped him.

Hob had shown the fifty-dollar bill to all who would look at it, and what school boy is not interested in looking at a fifty-dollar bank-note?

But the very mention of Borgen's name was enough to disgust many of the boys.

If that old reprobate was to be behind the new club, many of them felt that it would prove a sad fizzle in the end.

So Hob's stock went down, and, as it did so, Manley stock went up.

The mutineers felt more and more uneasy as the day wore on.

There was a chance to get back into the Woodstocks if the move was made before four in the afternoon.

At afternoon recess at the grammar school Hob began to feel decidedly blue.

The fellows were beginning to jeer him.

He was no longer a hero with more than two or three of the mutineers.

When the schools let out at three-twenty in the afternoon there was a rush on the part of all who still remained in the Woodstocks to get to the athletic grounds for the momentous meeting.

Hob had another meeting on hand. It was scheduled to meet in a vacant lot.

For a few minutes after school closed Hob lingered to drum up recruits for his new club.

A dozen boys, who had never belonged to the Woodstocks followed Hob down to the lot where his meeting was to be held.

There the mutineers were awaiting him.

Hob's gaze roved restlessly over the group.

"Where's George Lucas?" he demanded, apprehensively.

"I can tell you," spoke up Humphrey. "He hurried down to the club's grounds to get in his application for reinstatement."

"As a probationary member?" sneered Hob.

"Yes," said Humphrey, shortly, "and I'd have gone with him but for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Hob, his face falling.

"Well, when I go in with a crowd, I want to play fair," retorted Humphrey. "So I didn't sneak off by myself to try to get back into the club. I came here to say, out and out, that I mean now to hurry right down and get in my application before it's too late."

"Oh, say, now!" expostulated Hob, in consternation.

For Humphrey was a promising athlete, and Hob had relied upon him to prove one of the crackerjack members of the new club.

"Well, I'm going," said Humphrey, stoutly.

"Going to sneak back and eat humble pie," sneered Hob.

"Just that!" retorted Humphrey. "And I ought to be made to eat a whole lot of it. Any sorehead ought to be."

"My sentiments," spoke up Hornung, briefly.

"Mine, too," coincided Taylor.

"Babies!" jeered Hob, as the trio of penitents moved off.

But Prouty found that he had a stampede on his hands. More of the mutineers were feeling that it would be wise to hurry down to the athletic grounds and seek reinstatement before it was too late.

"Rats deserting a sinking ship, eh?" demanded Hob, disagreeably.

"I guess so," laughed one of the mutineers. "And I guess I'm going to be one of the rats."

Hob watched the rest of the late kickers go down the street.

Then an idea came into his head.

He hurried after them.

"See here, fellows," he proposed, mysteriously, "I've just thought of a plan. We'll all apply for reinstatement. Then we can take our time, look about, think things over, and when we're ready to launch the new club with flying colors we can do it. That would come like a thunderbolt to Manley."

Two or three of the fellows approved of this idea. The other recent kickers preserved silence.

Al Adams was at the box office gate, smiling and affable. To all of the kickers, as they lined up, he handed type-written applications for reinstatement.

"You, too, eh?" laughed Al, as Hob showed up.

"Oh, yes, I'm going back into the club," announced Hob, condescendingly.

Having signed, Prouty was about to step through the gateway.

"Business meeting going on," announced Al. "None but members admitted."

"Well, ain't I a member?" demanded Hob, growing redder still.

"Not until the club has gone through the formality of voting."

"That's a piece of red-tape," cried Hob.

"Remember," warned Al, quietly, "that probationary members have no voice in the management of the club."

Humphrey laughed in keen enjoyment of Hob's evident discomfiture.

Then the gate was closed, for the meeting was about to begin.

Besides the repentant kickers, there were many other boys hanging about the gate. They were candidates for membership, and could not conceal their impatience.

At last the gate opened again. Hal Spofford and Al Adams appeared, the latter with a sheet of paper in his hand.

"The election of new members has taken place," announced. "As the secretary reads the names, those named may step inside."

Al read slowly, and each fellow, at the mention of his name, stepped eagerly through the gate.

At last Al stopped reading.

"Where's my name?" demanded Hob.

"Not on the list," rejoined Hal, quietly.

"What?"

"You failed to be elected."

"But all the other fellows got back."

"Because they were reinstated, as probationary members."

"And ain't I to come back?"

"You can't before there's a vacancy, anyway. The membership is limited to thirty-six."

Hob's face went deathly white.

"This is some of Frank Manley's smart work!" he gasped.

"You've guessed wrong," retorted Hal. "Frank made quite a little speech in which he urged the club to reconsider and let you come back. But the rest of us were against letting you in, and for the first time we voted Manley down."

"You're kicked out of the club," supplied Joe, looking out over Hal's shoulder. "Not wanted!"

There was a queer lump in Prouty's throat, and tears of rage and mortification in his eyes as he turned miserably away.

"I'll get even!" he growled to himself. "Blazes! I wonder if it was old Borgen who sent me that fifty. I'll go and see him. Only thirty-six fellows can get into the Woodstocks. There are a lot of other fellows in town who'd like to belong to a first-class club. I'll go back and see the fellows who are waiting in the lot—and then I'm off for Borgen! If his money really is behind me, I can do a lot!"

CHAPTER VIII.

BRINGING ON THE PUSH BALL.

"It took a genius to get up a game with a ball like that," declared Tod Owen.

He stood on the porch of the shanty-like little building at the summer training grounds of the Woodstocks.

Out on the grass stood the huge push ball.

It had just been inflated, and looked like a monstrous thing.

It was like a huge football, made of rubber, shaped like a globe, six feet in diameter, and weighed about fifty pounds.

Nowhere on its smooth surface was there any chance to seize it by the hands.

The ball could be lifted and thrown, but it took two, and generally more players, to accomplish this.

"The idea was conceived on the football field," answered Frank.

"It's as much like football as an ant is like an elephant," retorted Tod.

"I believe the inventor of the game saw the possibilities of a game in which the opponents, being on opposite sides of a huge ball, could not always see each other."

"We've had a lot of fun with our ball," admitted Tod. "But I guess it will take a long time for us to get any science out of the game."

"There are plenty of possibilities of scientific play," rejoined Manley.

"I hope we'll find them soon."

"Then you're glad, Tod, that this isn't a serious match game to-day?"

"Mighty glad," was the candid answer.

"Both clubs will play the game much better by another season. But it's a lot of fun learning the wrinkles of push ball."

"I wonder if you have any wrinkles that we haven't thought of?"

"Perhaps," smiled Frank. "And that puts an idea into my head."

"What is it?"

"Suppose that we practice a few minutes together."

"Good!"

"Then we'll have a try at it as soon as all our fellows are dressed."

Both Woodstock and Bradford were dressing in the shanty.

Ordinary running costume had been decided upon for the game, as offering a cool, airy rig on this bright, warm September day.

A course had been laid out roughly on the open ground.

The push ball field is one hundred and twenty yards in length and fifty yards wide.

The outer lines of the field are marked heavily in white. Ten-yard lines are marked down the field, as in football, the sixty-yard line being through the center of the field.

In the middle of this sixty-yard line the ball is placed for the beginning of the play.

At the forty-yard line on either side are the five forwards.

At the twenty-yard line are two right wings and two left wings.

The goals are at the ends of the field. Goal posts are eighteen feet high and twenty feet apart. Seven feet above the ground is the cross-bar.

At the beginning of play the forwards rush forward, closing in on the ball and endeavoring to force it down to the enemy's goal. The wings support the forwards. Each goal is defended by two goal keepers.

Tackles are allowed as in football. No tackles are allowed, however, until the ball is in play, and no tackles are allowed below the knees.

For every foul there is a penalty. For the first foul the penalized team is forced to give up ten yards.

For the second foul the team fouled against is allowed to renew play with a flying rush against the ball, while the penalized team is allowed to defend the ball by massing behind it and bracing.

After a second foul has been penalized the next foul is called the first foul again, and so it goes on in rotation.

The referee may order from the field a fouling player, and he cannot again play in the same game.

If a foul occurs within ten yards of the goal of the side fouling, then a goal is awarded to the team fouled against, provided it be a first foul.

A goal counts five points. But where the goal is secured by lifting or throwing the ball over the cross-bar, then the goal counts eight points.

A safety, where the ball is forced across the goal line, but

not between the goal posts, results in making the ball dead, and two points are scored by the victors.

In the case of a safety, the ball is placed at the center of the fifty-yard line. The winners line up at the sixty-yard line and are allowed a free rush. At this time the defenders must line up on their own goal line, which they cannot leave until the referee's whistle blows.

As the referee cannot see on both sides of the ball, he is allowed an assistant, whose duties are confined to reporting fouls that the referee cannot see for himself.

There are linesmen, whose duties are the same as those of linesmen in a football game. There are also a time-keeper and a scorer.

The game is divided into two halves of a half an hour each.

"We're going to have a little practice with Bradford before we start the game," was the word that Manley passed around.

At last both elevens and the substitutes were on the field.

A young man named Cottrell, who had played in the game in former times, was on hand to act as referee. He was assisted by one Yancey.

With great care the ball was placed in the center of the field.

"Line up your players," ordered the referee, briefly.

Manley played in the center of the five forwards. At his right was Joe. Beyond Joe, Hal was placed. On Manley's left were Everett and Si Prentiss.

Hollister and Dalzell were the two right wings. On left wing were Sato and Al Adams.

In the goal were Humphrey and Sato. The Jap was of light weight for a goal keeper, but he was relied upon to make up in skill what he lacked in pounds.

Toot!

At the sound of the referee's whistle the forwards dashed into the fray.

On both sides the wings darted in watchfully as flankers, ready to push, tackle or block, or, in fact, to do anything that the play of the forwards called for.

Woodstock's forwards swerved slightly to the left just before impact with the ball.

As a result of the swerving Bradford, charging direct, reached the ball first, getting it under way toward Woodstock's goal.

But the advantage was only momentary.

Woodstock's assault from the left pushed it over to Bradford's left and swung the ball around so suddenly that Bradford lost ten yards before the clever trick could be countered by a new bracing.

Hal, on the extreme right, was thus brought face to face with Leeson, one of Bradford's strong men, who played on the extreme left of the forward line.

As the ball crossed Bradford's fifty-yard line Leeson got such a powerful brace against the ball that Woodstock was halted.

Hal, smiling, like a flash let go of the ball, tackling Leeson around the waist.

Swerved slightly away from the ball, Leeson of course fell forward on his face.

With a chuckle, Hal let go, dashing once more at the ball.

Eight yards more were gained before Leeson had time to get in bracing position again.

Then, after some stubborn work, the ball was forced out of bounds.

"That was a dirty trick," growled Leeson, while the ball was being placed within bounds.

"It was allowable," grinned Hal. "It was a fair tackle."

"Don't do it again!" warned Leeson, in a surlier tone than before.

"Don't lose your temper, old man, over a clever play," retorted Hal, good-naturedly. "See what you can think up yourself."

"I will," sputtered Leeson, significantly.

But Hal thought no more of the other's bad temper.

Play was resumed and continued until the ball went once more out of bounds eighteen feet away from Bradford's goal line.

When the ball had been placed the players lined up for another push.

As they started, Leeson suddenly fell back on one foot, the other flying up in the air.

Hal was close by. The foot caught him in the ribs over the heart.

With a groan Spofford sank to the earth, his face deathly white.

Shrilly the referee's whistle blew.

"A foul, and a nasty one!" rang the referee's angry voice.

Frank Manley fell upon his knees beside Hal, raising his chum's head and shoulders.

"It was an accident," declared Leeson, hotly. "I couldn't help it."

"A deliberate foul!" thundered the referee. "I was looking at you. I know what I saw."

Looking up from his fainting chum, Frank Manley growled:

"The cur who'll do that ought to be thumped!"

Biff!

Joe was like a flash.

"It's done!" he retorted, as Leeson sprawled.

CHAPTER IX.

"STEALING THE BALL."

In a moment all thought of the game had been dropped. Leaving their places, the players had gathered around.

Hal's eyes were half-closed.

His face was bloodless, his breath coming in slow, weak gasps.

"His heart has been hurt," thrilled Frank Manley.

Leeson had all but collapsed when Joe had struck him. Now he sprang to his feet again.

"Leeson," rang Tod Owen's angry voice; "see here!"

As the Bradford player turned to face his captain, Tod's fist caught him on the jaw and he went to earth once more.

This time he did not rise so quickly.

"You're going to order that dog off the field, aren't you?" Tod pantingly demanded of the referee.

"I certainly am," retorted Cottrell.

"Good! And I'll order him out of the club if the fellows will back me up," cried Owen.

"We will!" came a chorus from Bradford.

Frank, though his gaze was fast on Hal's face, heard and understood.

He realized, too, what a generous step Tod was taking, for Leeson had been depended upon as one of the great men on Bradford's football eleven.

Frank and Inow Sato now carried Hal off the field, placing him on the grass near the building.

Here Sato used the means of restoration known to jiu-jitsu men.

In a little while Spofford was able to sit in a chair on the porch, but of course he was out of this game.

"Captain Owen, that foul means the loss of ten yards to your side."

"Of course," assented Tod.

But Frank broke in:

"This was only practice. We don't blame Bradford for what happened. The fault was all one man's. There is no need to penalize Bradford for ten yards. Suppose, instead, that we begin our game?"

"It's for you to decide, Manley," replied Tod. "I am glad that you absolve our club from blame as a club."

"Laddie, you're beginning to act like a man!"

This was whispered in Tod's ear by his father, old Hek Owen, a former wrestling champion who now was backer of the Bradfords.

Leeson, smarting under the scowls of the men on his own side, had slunk from the field and out of sight.

Mike McGuire was called to take Hal's place. A Bradford man replaced Leeson.

"Now for the game!" cried Frank.

"The game's the thing!" cheered Tod.

Both sides had warmed up to the genuine sport of the game.

For push ball fills every player with exhilaration.

Many old football men develop a mania for the pushing game, and even abandon football for it.

The first half was stubbornly fought. Back and forth the ball surged.

So popular did tricky flank attacks become that the ball was frequently forced out of bounds.

It was easier to learn how to attack by the flank than to defend against such a move.

Hence, in this first game, much time was lost by the delays caused by having to bring the ball back within bounds.

Just before the close of the half, however, Manley and his men, by an unexpectedly good flank attack, forced the ball over the Bradford goal line, securing a safety.

The free rush followed, but the ball was still in stubborn play when the timekeeper's whistle sounded the end of the first half.

"Great game!" glowed Tod during the ten minutes' rest.

"Great?" echoed Frank. "Why, after a little, I believe I'll be ready to play hookey for the sake of getting into a game!"

"I never thought there could be so much fun in the thing," sparkled Joe.

"It's very different from football," said Everett, critically. "In football the play is either brilliant or savage. In football a moment's error may make it all up with a man. In push ball there is a chance to bring out all of a fellow's dogged qualities. And, once he makes a slight mistake, there is a chance to cover it up."

"There are chances for brilliant play in push ball, too," said Frank.

"Brilliant play?" repeated Tod. "I haven't seen any such chances yet."

"Perhaps we'll be able to show you some before the game is over," laughed Frank.

"Always willing to learn!" chirped Tod, cheerfully. Then the second half began.

Minute after minute passed, and dogged the play was, indeed, but never brilliant.

So dogged was the contest, in fact, that it looked as if the second half would pass without scoring.

Within the last two minutes a Bradford wing fouled by tackling below Prentiss' knees.

This was the second foul of the half.

Woodstock was entitled to a flying rush. The flying wedge or any other flying formation could be used.

There was a twinkle in Manley's eyes as he ranged his forwards and wings for the rush.

Tod's forwards and wings were massed behind the ball. Well locked together, they offered possibilities of defense that it seemed difficult to overcome.

At the sound of the whistle Manley's flying wedge started.

Bradford braced for grim life.

But just before reaching the ball Manley, Joe and Everett fell back slightly.

It was the other forwards, flanked by the wings, who went against the ball.

Bradford gave a mighty, triumphant surge forward.

Then blank consternation seized upon them.

For, as the huge ball went lightly forward, Manley, Joe and Everett seized it, lifted it and, aided by Bradford's impulse, they carried the ball back toward the Woodstock goal.

Yet only for a few feet.

And now the startled Bradford players found themselves blocked by the remaining six men of Manley's wedge.

Bradford made a determined assault upon the six.

But while this was being done Manley and his two allies carried the ball swiftly around at the left of the struggling mass.

Then, with a clear field, and without losing a second to amazed Bradford, the trio started on the dead run with the ball for Bradford's goal.

"After them!" roared Tod.

But Frank, Joe and Everett, by their splendid ruse, had secured a big start.

Bradford's two goal keepers ranged up and braced hard for the crash.

But there was no crash.

Just as Bradford's goal men reached for the ball Frank Manley shouted:

"Up with it!"

Propelled by three pairs of lusty young arms, the huge ball soared aloft.

Up and over the cross bar went the inflated sphere.

Down it came to the ground behind the goal line and bounded clumsily.

Toot! The whistle sounded the game's end.

Woodstock, by that clever trick, had added eight points to its score.

As for Tod, he bent over double, laughing until the tears came.

"What do you think of brilliant play now?" demanded Frank, quizzically.

"Greatest ever!" choked Tod. "Oh, dear!" To think that our own mighty push passed the ball to you, to do with just as you wanted!"

"I thought you'd like the game," grinned Frank; then added, with good-natured malice:

"You'll like it better when you get up on the points."

"That's right," retorted Tod. "Rub it into us!"

"We have a few more cunning little tricks that we didn't get a chance to use," hinted Hal.

"You didn't?" wondered Tod.

"Just a few," grinned Hal.

"You've had a great teacher in the game, then."

"That's right—all right!"

"Who is he?"

"Our old stand-by coach—Frank Manley!"

CHAPTER X.

HOB AND THE MARBLE HEART.

"CAN I join?"

"Say, how is your club coming on?"

"Kicker!"

"Kicked out!"

"No good!"

"Sore head!"

A gang of small boys was having merciless fun with Hob Prouty.

Wherever he went in town he was sure to meet with a crowd of small boys.

He was equally sure of being guyed to a finish.

These youngsters, who were all too small to join Manley's club, were nevertheless posted on all that the club did.

As far as enlisting any real athletic material was concerned, Hob's campaign had proved a failure.

There were several boys of athletic pretensions in town who did not belong to the Woodstocks, but these seemed to feel that Hob's club was bound to prove a ludicrous fizzle.

For that reason they shied at any sign of an invitation to join.

But Hob had not given up hope.

In his inner jacket pocket he carried a note book in which were written the names of forty-two boys between the ages of fourteen and seventeen.

"They ain't very good material as yet," Hob admitted to himself. "But look at such fellows as Winston and Egbert. Winston is already a little champion and smarter than most boys of seventeen. Egbert will be an athlete after a little. He's headed that way. Now, if Frank Manley can do that sort of work with such little weaklings, so can I. I'll start my club and lie low for a while. I'll train all the fellows, and one of these days we'll see if we can't wipe up the town with Manley's club."

Hob had found an unoccupied store a little way out of town. It was large, with high ceiling, and with an abundance of windows.

It would also make a fine place for a gymnasium, but his unknown friend, who had sent him fifty dollars and had promised much more aid, had specified that the gymnasium quarters must cost not more than twenty-five dollars a month rental.

"I'd like to talk with that chap," muttered Hob. "I wonder if he ever intends to let me hear from him?"

Prouty felt for the note book in which were written the names of the forty-two who had promised to join his club as soon as he started it.

He knew, as well as every one else did, that these boys had agreed to join simply because a good time was promised, with some one else paying the bills.

"But after we get open and every one sees that we have a fine club we'll have membership applications to burn," Hob assured himself.

But how to find that unknown backer.

Hob began to feel sure that Mr. Borgen really was the writer of the letter.

"Well, no matter if he is the chap," muttered Prouty. "His money is just as good as any one else's."

At last Hob resolved that he would remain no longer in suspense.

"I'll go and see old Borgen," he decided. "The sooner I have it over with the better."

Borgen was reputed to be rather rich. If he was, he certainly did not care for living in style.

His house, a cottage of moderate size, stood a little way out of town, on a street of no pretensions.

The grounds were neither large nor well kept.

Back of the house was a plain stable, in which were Borgen's two horses and three vehicles.

His household consisted of a middle-aged, sour-faced woman, who acted as his housekeeper; her daughter, a frowsy, slatternly girl, and a man who did the chores.

Hob fancied that he had gotten out of town without attracting attention.

He walked briskly up to Borgen's gate, hesitated a moment, and then pushed on into the yard.

Instantly the heads of three small boys popped up from

behind the fence across the way, and a shrill voice exclaimed:

"Hob's going to see his angel!"

"What's the matter, Hob? Spent all the money he sent you?"

Prouty would have enjoyed thrashing his tormentors, but this he knew was far beneath his dignity.

So, affecting not to hear the youngsters, he marched up to the front door and rang the bell.

He waited for a full minute, ringing the bell twice more, and with growing impatience.

Finally the slatternly girl yanked the door open.

"Well, whatcher want?" she demanded.

"Can I—can I see Mr. Borgen?" Hob asked, deferentially, for he had a notion that the girl meant to slam the door in his face.

"Guesso," the girl answered, hesitatingly. "Come in."

Hob followed her into the hallway. She threw open a parlor door, disclosing Mr. Borgen sitting in his shirt sleeves.

"That's him," said the girl. "Mr. Borgen, kid who wants to see you."

Borgen, smoking a clay pipe, was seated in an easy chair in a flashily furnished and not very tidy parlor.

"Howdy?" he inquired gruffly. "What do you want?"

"I'd like to have a few words with you, please," stammered Bob, chilled by his reception.

"Come in, then, and shut the door. Now, what do you want?"

"I—I came to tell you about my club—how it is getting on, I mean," resumed Hob, feeling that he was not making a very good start.

"Your club? What club, and what about it?"

Hob's heart stopped beating regularly and felt as if it were sinking down into his shoes.

Was he to learn, then, that Mr. Borgen was not the sender of the letter.

And Borgen, with a heavy scowl on his dark, massive face, was regarding the boy from under his bushy eyebrows in a way that made Hob wish for a chance to sit down.

His host not inviting him to take a chair, Hob took one, anyway.

"Now, what about this club?" Borgen demanded, once more.

"Why—why—didn't you send me a letter with fifty dollars in it?"

"Young man," demanded the retired liquor dealer, impressively, "do I look like a lunatic?"

"Why, not exactly, sir. That is, I—I mean——"

Hob stopped, red and almost gasping for breath.

Borgen regarded him without friendliness.

Prouty decided that it would be best to come quickly to the point.

"Mr. Borgen," he went on, "I received a letter from some one promising to back me up if I could get a junior athletic club that would best Frank Manley's."

"Have you done it?" shot out Mr. Borgen, so quickly

that Hob was carried almost off his feet. He shifted un-
easily.

"I've made a good start," he began.

"And what do you want me to do? Contribute?"

"Why, didn't you send me that letter, sir, with the
money?"

"No, I didn't."

Borgen shot his denial out promptly, but Hob, looking
at him, felt certain now that the man was lying.

"If you didn't send me the letter, sir," replied Prouty,
"then, of course, I have made a mistake. But I thought it
was you who sent the letter, and I came to report progress
with the club."

"Progress?"

There was only a grain of encouragement in the other's
tone, but Hob seized at it.

"Yes, sir," he replied, rather boastfully. "I've made a
splendid start. I've got forty-two applications together
for membership in the club."

"What kind of a club?"

Why, sir, an athletic club."

"Oh!"

Borgen shot out that one syllable as if it ended all his
interest in the subject.

"Would you like to see the list?" asked Hob, opening
his note book.

Borgen took it without speech, running his glance down
over the pages.

"Did any of these fellows belong to Manley's club?" in-
quired the host, at last.

"Why—er—er—er, no sir."

"A whole lot of 'em left the club, didn't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"And all of 'em went back, didn't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"All except you?"

"I—I——"

"You were kicked out, eh?" queried Borgen, brutally.

"Why, I—I—I——"

"You applied, along with the rest, to be reinstated, and
you were the only one who failed to get back into the club?
Now, you are starting a club, and you have the names of
forty-two boys who couldn't steal a football away from
any two of Manley's boys? Is that the state of the case,
Prouty?"

"Why, I can make a fine club out of my lot of fellows,"
argued Hob.

"How long would it take?"

"Only a few months."

"And in the meantime Manley's fellows will go on im-
proving, too. You could never catch up with his club."

"I'm sure I could," protested Hob.

"Well," replied Mr. Borgen, graciously, "I've no objec-
tion to your trying."

"And you'll help us, just as you said you would?" cried
Hob, trembling with eagerness.

"No," came gruffly. "And I never said I would, either."

"But that letter——"

"I've already told you I didn't write it."

Hob felt as if he would like to dig a hole and fall into it.
He was absolutely certain now that Borgen was the
writer of the letter—and here the man flatly denied it.

"I don't see what I'm going to do, then," cried Hob,
miserably.

"And I don't, either, young man, if you've been building
any hopes that I am crazy enough to put up money for
forty boys to have a good time with."

"It was all a mistake, then," Hob almost sobbed.

"The mistake was yours, Prouty."

"The plan's busted," announced Hob, rising weakly to
his feet.

"I'm sorry if you're disappointed, young man. Now, if
you were getting up a club and asking the people of the
town to give you a start, I suppose maybe I'd go down for
a five-dollar note. But as to staking a club of kids all by
myself—well, I've got other ways of spending my money!"

"I won't detain you, then," said Hob, moving toward
the door.

Borgen didn't ask him to come back.

Hob let himself out of the house.

He thanked his lucky star that the three small boys had
not waited to see him come out.

"I haven't done as well as he expected, and he's going
back on me since I haven't split up Manley's club. But
he's the one who sent that money—I know it!" cried Hob,
fiercely.

But that thought of the fifty dollars sent his mind off on
another track. His face was quickly wreathed in smiles.

"Great Scott! If old Borgen denies that he sent me the
money, then he can't ask me to give it back to him. Fifty
dollars of my own! Whee!"

He stepped down the street as if he had been keeping
time to a quickstep.

Fifty dollars of his own? What couldn't he do with it.

"It'll be all mine," Hob murmured, patting ecstatically
against the pocket in which he had placed the banknote.
"Gracious! What won't fifty dollars buy? I'd rather,
twice over, have this money than belong to Manley's old
club. This has been a lucky business for me."

As Hob got into the town again more small boys espied
him.

They called tauntingly after him, but this time Prouty
did not redden, nor in any way resent the jibes.

"Have all the fun you want, kids," he muttered, exult-
antly. "I've got fifty dollars, and it's going to be my own
money, too!"

He felt like hugging himself as he walked down the main
street.

As a matter of habit he walked to the postoffice. He
didn't expect any mail for himself, but he was instructed
to call every afternoon for the mail for his parents.

To his surprise, Hob found a letter awaiting him.

"The address typewritten?" he reflected, staring at the
envelope. "Why, I know who this is from. It's the chap
who sent me the fifty! So, perhaps it wasn't old Borgen,
after all, then."

With feverish anxiety Hob tore the envelope open. His first discovery was that no money was enclosed this time.

Then Hob read the message, unsigned, as before.

It ran:

"You've failed in the plan proposed to you. So you can expect no more help from the unknown friend. But, as you don't know who the friend was, of course you can't return the fifty dollars. You're that much ahead, anyway."

Hob placed the letter carefully in the same pocket with his note book.

"That settles the club for sure and all," he muttered. "No matter! I'm fifty good dollars ahead!"

He became seized by a desire to look at the banknote once more.

There were only two other people in the postoffice, and they were not looking his way.

So Hob thrust one hand into the pocket in which he carried the banknote.

For safety he had wadded his handkerchief in over it.

Now he drew out the handkerchief and felt for the bill.

A startled look came into his face when he failed to discover it.

He looked again, then went hastily through all of his pockets.

By this time young Mr. Prouty was feeling decidedly ill.

His face had a queer, greenish look. Cold perspiration stood out clammy on his brow.

"Oh, I've lost it!" he moaned. "Lost that money! Oh, dear! oh, dear! Lost my fifty dollars!"

He felt weak and tottering with despair. There could be no doubt that the money was indeed gone. He had explored every nook in every pocket.

"Gone! gone!" he choked.

Then a look of recollection came into his eyes.

"Oh, I know what happened to the money," he groaned. "I took out my handkerchief to wipe my face when I was at old Borgen's. I pulled the money out with it. Confound the luck! I dropped that banknote plumb on old Bill Borgen's parlor floor!"

For a few moments Hob debated miserably whether he should go back to Borgen's and inquire about the money.

"That would be worse than doing nothing," he decided, sinking. "Old Borgen would give me the laugh right out in church! No, no! The money's gone! Gone! I shall never see it again!"

Blithe, happy young voices rang out.

A squad of the Up and At 'Em Boys were surging into the postoffice.

They were on their way home from their victorious push ball game.

Hob, wondering whether he looked a tenth part as badly as he felt, tried to sneak out unnoticed.

"Hullo, Hob," cried Frank Manley, in a hearty, friendly tone.

But Hob could not have answered if he would. He made a bolt out of the postoffice.

"Poor old Hob!" muttered Frank, looking after him. "He looks all cut up about something. I am afraid our fellows didn't use him quite right!"

CHAPTER XI.

IN A FEARFUL FIX!

It is a peculiar trait in human nature that when one has tried to do another an injury and has failed he grows to hate the one whom he has failed to injure.

And so it was with Hob Prouty.

He had tried to cause a "split" in the club, a split directed against Frank Manley.

Hob had failed, and had himself been the sufferer, and now he hated Manley as if Manley had been the whole cause of the trouble.

It had never been like Hob to hate. He was lazy, and a good deal of a chronic grumbler, but heretofore his very laziness had kept him from the kind of efforts that would render him unpopular.

Hob had never been a bad boy. It would have required too much steady effort, anyway, to be downright bad.

Apart from his grumbling, he had been rather good-natured, and, while never greatly liked in the club, he had, on the other hand, never been disliked.

Now, however, brooding had made him sour.

By the time that he woke up on Sunday morning he was even inclined to feel that Manley was somehow responsible for the loss of the cherished fifty dollars.

Frank, on his part, felt that the boys had been too severe in not reinstating Hob in the club.

True, he had always been a kicker and a source of some irritation in the club.

Yet, since all other mutineers had been received back into the fold, our hero felt that Hob should not have been singled out as a solitary butt for discipline.

The other Up and At 'Em Boys had taken a different view of the matter. Hob had been responsible for the split, brief as it was, and, for the sake of future discipline, it was best that he should be out of the club. So they had argued, and for that reason they had overruled Manley.

Anyway, Hob was out of the club, and with very little show of being reinstated.

Membership in the club was limited, and the list was filled.

Unless some one got out Hob could not possibly get in.

"Oh, well, he hanged to their old club, anyway," growled Hob that Sunday morning. "No more early rising for me! Now I can sleep as late as I want every morning."

Yet Prouty could not get rid of the lump that settled in his throat when he thought of the coming football season.

There would be no one in Woodstock with whom he could practice.

He even thought of seeking Tod Owen and begging for membership in the Bradfords.

But he felt certain that Tod would not have him unless Frank Manley favored his application.

Besides, it would be all but out of the question to drill

with a club that was five miles away and not even on the same railroad.

"I've a good mind to clear out and see the world a bit," grumbled the disconsolate boy.

For a while he debated with himself this plan of running away from home.

The scheme had its disadvantages, however.

Even with his limited experience of the world, Hob had an uneasy feeling that, away from home, he would have to work for his living.

As a homeless boy he feared that he would have to "work like a slave."

Certainly that prospect had no charm for him.

"I wonder how tramping would do?" he pondered.

Yet in a little while he saw that this was the wrong season of the year at which to begin tramping.

Cold weather would be along in a few weeks, and then it would require a great amount of work even to keep warm out of doors.

Hob was one boy who did not think of running away to sea.

He had been on the ocean on one memorable, miserable day. He had been so fearfully seasick that never could the thought of a sea life lure him away from home.

"I wish there was some one I could go and talk it over with," he muttered to himself. "Confound that fellow Lucas. I thought he was going to be a good friend, and he was the first fellow to bolt back to Manley. I might go and see Humphrey, but he'd only laugh at me."

Whatever happened, he could not stay around the house much longer.

When a fellow is disgusted with himself and with every one else, and with life in general, what a useless, pokey lot of people one's relatives seem to be!

So Hob sneaked out of the house. He could have gone out openly and boldly, but he felt much more like sneaking. So he left by the back door when no one was around, gained the side street and slouched away.

More by accident than by design he took a road that led out into the country.

While still in the town, on this quiet Sunday, Hob encountered no one who paid any attention to him, for which he was thankful.

Once out on the country road he began to walk briskly, as if trying to walk off his depression.

But, thinking of many subjects at the same time, and harking always back to the disheartening loss of the money, he had gone a goodly distance before he was aware of the fact.

"It looks cool and nice over there," thought Prouty, staring over a stone wall, across the green pasture and toward the forest.

Clearing the wall, he ambled over as far as the edge of the woods.

Throwing himself down on the grass, he lay looking up at the cloud-flecked sky.

Bye-and-bye it stole over the disconsolate one that it was

such a jolly day around him that it was a shame to be miserable.

"That limb up there looks pretty clean and smooth. I believe I could do some stunts," he suggested to himself.

In another instant he was seated on this bar. Then over and over he went, and varied his stunts.

"That exercise makes me feel great," he told himself, as he rested at last, still astride the bar.

Just then, under a nearby tree, he espied two unshaven, raggedly clothed men.

They were eyeing him with a good deal of interest.

"You're a pretty smart youngster," said one of the tramps, in a friendly way.

"Think so?" asked Hob, not displeased.

"Well, you were doing some pretty smart stunts."

"Not half as good as I can do," vaunted Bob.

"You did more than we could," spoke up the other tramp.

"Watch this," requested Bob, not displeased at having even such an audience.

He swung himself off from the limb, hanging by his toes.

Now, pendulum-like, he began to swing back and forth, holding on only by his feet.

"Great!" cried one of the tramps.

"Watch this!" cried Hob.

With a flop he swung himself up, hanging by his hands, while his feet pointed to the ground.

Then, coolly, he drew himself up to the limb once more and sat looking condescendingly down at the tramps.

"You're all right," said the first speaker, enthusiastically.

"Belong to the athletic club in town, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Hob, not caring to relate the truth—that he had been dropped from membership.

"They've got some mighty smart boys in the club, I reckon," went on the tramp. "But I don't believe they've got any that can beat you."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined Hob, with sudden modesty.

"You can turn cart-wheels and that sort of thing, can't you?"

"Why, of course."

"I'd like to see you do it—if you ain't too tired."

Tired?

Hob swung down to the ground with alacrity.

Then, falling over sideways, he began a swift, brilliant series of cart-wheel flops.

The tramps followed him closely, looking on with enthusiasm.

"I'd give a million dollars to be as limber as that!" muttered one of the hoboes, so heartily that Hob never thought of the absurdity of such a fellow having a million dollars to spend.

"You can walk on your hands, I s'pose, as well as you could on your feet?" suggested one of the pair.

"Sure!"

With great nonchalance Hob threw himself forward on his hands and began to walk around.

As he did so one of the tramps got on either side of him.

All of a sudden Hob's feet flew earthwards.

He felt the jolt all over.

Then, like a flash, he discovered that both of the tramps were a-top of him.

"Lemme go!" bawled Hob, trying to kick, and making other frantic efforts to free himself.

"Lay still, can't ye?" growled one of his captors.

"No, I won't."

"Then you'll get hurt!"

"Help!" bellowed Hob. "Help!"

But his voice didn't carry far. One of the tramps clutched at his throat, chutting off his breath.

They were powerful enough fellows, as Hob quickly discovered, for they twisted his arms back of him.

Click! snap!

Somewhere these tramps had obtained handcuffs, for they had fastened a pair to his wrists.

"Help!" sang Hob, again.

"Shut up!" came the gruff order, followed instantly by a blow on the head that caused Hob to see stars.

"What on earth are you doing?" gasped Hob.

"Oh, you'll find out soon enough!" came the significant retort.

"You're not going to kill me?" gasped Hob, growing sick at heart.

"Perhaps not, if you behave yourself," was the reply.

"But if you raise any more holler we'll settle your case soon enough, I promise ye!"

That silenced Hob's last thought of appealing for help. He lay still and trembled, while the two tramps, panting a little from their efforts, lifted him and carried him deeper into the woods.

Here they rested the frightened boy in a sitting posture, with his back against a tree.

"What are you going to do to me?" demanded Hob, in a voice that he tried hard to steady. "What does this all mean, anyway?"

"It means," replied the spokesman of the pair, "that we're mighty glad to get hold of one of the youngsters belonging to that club."

The club? Hob turned sick with dismay.

He had boasted that he belonged to the club.

And now something fearful threatened him as a penalty for belonging to a club that he had been kicked out of!

Was there ever such a fearful mix-up as this?

"See here," he protested, tremulously, "I don't belong to that club."

"Sure about it?" leered one of the pair.

"Of course I'm sure," declared Hob.

"So are we," laughed his inquisitor.

"But I tell you I don't belong."

"Oh, keep quiet, kid. You can't crawl out in that fashion. That yarn won't save you from what's coming to you!"

Hob's hair began to bristle with fright.

"What's coming to me?" he faltered. "See here, you are making a great mistake. What has the club done to you, anyway?"

"Something that we hain't forgot," replied one of the pair, darkly.

They were the two tramps who had assaulted Joe, and whom Hal had ordered lashed in a place "where no bones would be broken."

"We're going to give you a heap worse than we got," went on the speaker, darkly.

"And all because I belong to the club?"

"Sure!"

Hob could have screamed with sheer rage at the very thought of being made a scapegoat for the club that had used him so shabbily.

"Can't I get it through your heads," he wailed, "that I don't belong to that confounded old club?"

"After telling us what you did?"

There seemed to be little use in butting against such a stone wall of evidence as this.

But as one of the tramps, having built a fire, drew a long file from his pocket and thrust the iron in amongst the embers, Hob felt the cold sweat of deathly apprehension come out all over his body.

"I am sore on that club," he asserted.

"You'll have cause to be!" was all the comfort he got.

"But I honestly don't belong."

"So you said before."

"It's the truth."

"Of course!"

"See here," appealed Prouty, casting all reserve to the winds, "do you hate that club?"

"Well, rather!"

"So do I."

"Of course."

"I've got good cause to hate 'em," resumed Hob. "They worked me out of the club. They did me dirt—put it all over me."

"Just as we're going to do!"

"If you've got any score you want to even with Manley's club," ventured Hob, "let me go and tell me what you want me to do to help you. I can help! Oh, I've got a few scores of my own to settle with that club."

"And you'd help us?" leered one of the tramps.

"Yes—in a minute!"

"Oh, of course!"

"You look too young and pure to lie," jeered the tramp.

"I'm not lying. Lemme go, and I'll help you get square with that club."

"We'll send you in to see the fellows," suggested the other tramp.

"I don't want to see 'em. I hate 'em!" declared the boy.

"They'll be real interested when they see you."

"Why?" demanded Hob.

"Oh, you'll be worth looking at. You'll be worth going miles to see—when we get through with you."

"What on earth can you mean?" quavered Prouty, his eyes bulging in his terror.

"Oh, we're going to fix you up—that's all. Just send you in as a sample of what we'll do to some of the other fellows, if we can only get hold of 'em."

"Can't you tell me what you mean?" wailed the frightened, wretched boy.

"Well," replied the spokesman, drawing the file from the fire and regarding the red-hot end, "we're going to mark you up a bit. Going to do it with a hot iron. Going to burn you—understand?"

Hob emitted a howl of terror.

"We'll do the same by some of the other youngsters, too, if we ever catch 'em right," went on the tramp. "But we're sure of you—and you we're going to fix up as a warning to your whole blamed club!"

CHAPTER XII.

COALS OF FIRE.

"PUT him over on his back," directed the leader of the pair.

The other tramp complied.

Hob lay there, staring at his tormentors with a look of abject terror.

"Now, so help me," swore the spokesman, "if you make a single loud holler, kid, we'll put both your eyes out with the hot iron. Understand?"

Did he understand?

Prouty quivered from head to foot. He gritted his teeth together, resolved that, no matter what happened, he would bite his tongue off sooner than risk having his eyes seared from their sockets.

For he could not doubt that these cold-blooded scoundrels would be equal to doing all that they threatened.

"Can't I make you understand? Won't you please—please!—let me go?" he wailed.

By way of answer the leader of the pair again drew the file from the fire.

Hob shook with terror and closed his eyes.

"Is it hot?" demanded the tramp.

He pressed the red-hot end for an instant against the back of one of Hob's hands.

Prouty could not stifle a yell of anguish that came to his lips.

Then, in another instant, he almost gasped.

"Oh, please forgive me—please do!" he gasped, weakly. "I couldn't help yelling, but I won't do it again."

"Better not," retorted his oppressor, thrusting the file back in the fire. "Now, keep cool, youngster, and we'll soon get through with our job. Then you can go back to town and show the rest of the fellows what you look like."

"What's this going on here?" demanded a voice that made Hob fairly quiver with joy.

For the speaker was the hated Frank Manley—never so welcome before as now.

Cursing, the two tramps started and turned to look at the boy who was regarding them from a distance of a few yards.

Hearing the yell, and scenting mischief, Manley hastened forward with all stealth.

One glance at the scene was enough to show him that he was needed.

"Deviltry, eh?" Frank asked, coolly. "It seems to me that you scoundrels would do well to fade."

The tramps had risen to their feet and had started toward Manley.

Not being cowards, they did not propose to run from one boy.

"Keep back," warned Frank, "or you'll certainly get hurt."

"We'll fix you just the same as we're going to do with the other kid," leered the leader of the pair.

"Come on and try it!" jeered Frank.

With a swift movement he tore his jacket from him, throwing it on the ground.

While doing so he had retreated. But now that he was prepared for trouble he stood his ground staunchly.

His very confidence made the tramps hesitate.

They remembered with what ease they had been handled by Hal and Sato. If this young athlete could fight in the same fashion it might be well to be wary.

The leader of the pair held in his hand the file, one end of which was almost at white heat.

"Get behind him," ordered the leader.

The other rascal obeyed.

Cautiously they began to close in on Manley.

But Frank stood his ground, without fear and without flinching.

Naturally the rascal behind him acted with greater confidence.

Of a sudden Frank wheeled upon him.

His right-foot flew up, landing in the wretch's abdomen.

Down went the victim with a gasping groan.

But Manley did not stop. Had he done so, the wretch with the file could have closed in on him.

It seemed as if Frank Manley's wheel was continuous, so quickly was it made.

Frank was around again like a flash, knowing that the fellow he had kicked would be incapable of action during the next two or three minutes.

"Don't you try that on me!" snarled the man with the file, holding it as he would a dagger, and watching Manley warily.

Frank advanced boldly, with his own left side forward.

"Get back!" warned the tramp, himself retreating a step or two. "If you close in I'll stab you!"

"No, you won't!" retorted Frank, contemptuously.

He advanced to close up the gap between them.

Like a flash the tramp struck downward, trying to stab our hero with the sharp, heated end of the file.

But Manley's left arm countered against the inside of the tramp's right, momentarily blocking the blow.

At that same instant Frank's foot danced up, scoring hard against the wretch's abdomen.

The fight was all over. The scoundrel sank to the earth, his eyes closing and a feeble sigh issuing from his lips.

"All down! Set 'em up in the other alley!" chuckled Frank. "Hob! what on earth were they trying to do to you?"

"Going to burn me," shuddered Hob. "They thought I belonged to the club. They've got some grudge against you fellows and they were going to take it out on me."

"Gracious! Fate was about to run it into you for fair, old fellow. I'm glad I happened along."

"Are you?" asked Hob, curiously.

"Why, of course I am," came the hearty answer. "Can you doubt it, old fellow? What do you think I've got against you?"

"I didn't know," confessed Hob, shamefacedly.

"Well, forget it," Frank advised, blithely. "And now let me see how you are fastened."

He quickly examined the handcuffs.

"That file, when it's cool, will do the trick, if we can't find a key," pronounced Frank.

But first he bent over the unconscious form of his late antagonist, exploring his pockets.

"This is the key, I guess," he announced, coming over to Hob.

In a twinkling the handcuffs were off. Hob leaped to his feet, stretching himself with a sigh of thankfulness.

But Frank had turned his attention to the two hoboes.

The first man had not lost consciousness.

He was coming around all right, though he dared not make any effort to rise.

But the leader of the pair was still unconscious. With the heel of one hand Frank struck the fellow smartly at the pit of the stomach.

That forced him to take in air, and he opened his eyes.

"You'll know better than to tackle a jiu-jitsu man next time," said Manley, coolly. "Now, Hob, what shall we do with this pair?"

"What ought we to do with them?" inquired Prouty.

"Well, it would serve them right if we were to brand them a little, as they meant to do with you. But I don't like to set myself up as judge, jury and executioner. As they didn't really do you any harm, I suppose the best thing we can do is to let them go—with a warning."

Frank smiled quietly as he uttered the last word.

Seating himself on the ground, he added:

"Don't either of you fellows dare to get up until I tell you that you can."

He waited three or four minutes, then inquired of the pair how they felt now.

"All right, I guess," replied one.

"Pretty fair," was the other's answer.

"You get up," ordered Frank of the leader of the pair. "Bend over with your back toward me."

"Thump! As the tramp obeyed Frank kicked him with resounding force just where Hal had switched him.

The other tramp, not daring to resist after his recent experience, was served in the same way.

Both vanished into the woods.

"Suppose we go back to town, Hob?" proposed Frank. "It may be that the woods hold too many of these adventures to-day. I'm hungry, anyway."

So they started back down the road.

For quite a bit of the way Hob was silent.

He was doing a good bit of thinking.

He felt so ashamed of himself that it was a long while before he felt like talking.

But at last he blurted out:

"Frank, you're a mighty good fellow!"

"Am I?" asked Manley, smiling quizzically.

"Yes; there's nothing sore or sour about you. I've been mighty mean to you, but I don't believe you're anything but downright glad that you happened along in time to save me."

"Of course I'm glad," asserted Frank.

"See here, I want to apologize—and I apologize most heartily and humbly—for the way I acted."

"Oh, that's all right!" cheered Frank.

"Will you forgive me?"

"If there's anything to forgive—but there isn't. I'm mighty sorry, Hob, that things turned out the way they did for you. I tried to get the fellows to vote you back into the club, but they were headstrong."

"I heard you tried," admitted Hob. "I'm much obliged. It served me just right, though, to be kicked out. I tried to split the club."

"I wish I could get you back into membership," went on our hero, thoughtfully. "But I don't see any way just now."

"It don't matter. I'm served just right, and I haven't got a single kick to make. That's kinder unusual for me, ain't it? But I should think you'd hate me."

"Hob, old fellow, life is too short to go around hating every one who happens to get a little cranky with you. I'd sooner help you than hate you. Let me know when I can do anything for you."

"I will," agreed Hob, soberly.

They were turning into Woodstock now.

THE END.

These early fall days are ideal for the grand sport of running. A great many of our readers are making a practical fad of running as it is taught by your old friend, "Physical Director." There will be a magnificent story of running in next week's issue of Frank Manley's Weekly, No. 2. It will be entitled "FRANK MANLEY'S LIGHTNING TRACK; Or, Speed's Part in a Great Crisis." The story itself will have a thrilling plot, and, in addition, there will be such hints on running as one can obtain nowhere else. There will also be much on physical training in general, and some more jiu-jitsu!

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 33.

This week, as I promised, I am going to talk to you about fall training diet.

Every now and then a reader writes to ask me to lay out for him a week's menu.

I can't do that. At least, it wouldn't be of practical value to you. I have no way of knowing just what your pantry contains, or what circumstances might come up that would make it difficult for you to follow a fixed bill of fare.

Instead, I am going to give you a detailed idea of the kinds of food that you should eat at this time of the year.

This week I will discuss breakfasts with you.

Now, first of all, let me advise you that breakfast should begin as soon as you are out of bed.

Don't jump at the wrong conclusion, though. What I mean is that as soon as you get out of bed you should prepare your stomach for the breakfast that is to come later on.

Do this by going to the kitchen and drinking two cups of water as hot as you can swallow with comfort.

In the stomach and the small intestines, through the night, quite a bit of slime and mucous has gathered. You don't want to mix this with your breakfast, so you take the very hot water in order to dissolve out this obnoxious stuff in your inside.

Having done this, go about your running and your other exercise. Then take your bath.

Now you are ready for your breakfast.

Don't attempt to eat meat with breakfast. Most of you, no doubt, have been trained to the notion that there is a lot of strength to be derived from meat. No doubt this is true, but there are foods that are better for you in every way and that are far more nourishing and strengthening.

First and foremost of these foods is whole wheat. This is the food on which the Roman armies lived principally in the field at the time when they were conquering all of the then known world.

Whole wheat contains all of the nourishing properties that the human body requires or can use. It is the form of perfect food, too, that can be most easily absorbed into the system.

Whole wheat comes ready for use in two forms—shredded wheat biscuit and triscuit. I advise that at almost every breakfast you eat one or the other of these forms of whole wheat.

Still, you can do without either, and get the same results, if you will go to the grain store and get some clean whole wheat. Put this whole wheat in a coffee mill and grind coarsely. Soak a little of this whole wheat in water over night. In the morning pour off the water and pour milk or cream over the wheat.

Whole wheat in any form should be chewed to a very fine pulp. Don't bolt it down, but chew very thoroughly before swallowing. Else you will lose a good deal of the nourishment that your system should derive from the wheat.

Never eat whole wheat and meat together! It is just like eating two kinds of meat at the same meal.

If you want a change, on some mornings eat boiled rice and boiled fish. Never eat fried fish! Nor do eggs belong in a real training diet.

Of course, before you come to the solid part of the breakfast it is an excellent idea to eat a little fruit. Grapes, as soon as they come in, are a splendid breakfast fruit. So are apples and pears. Oranges are always good at the beginning of a breakfast.

Don't eat bananas, however, with the fruit part of the breakfast. Bananas are a pretty solid sort of food. Once in a while, however, when you want a complete change in the way of a breakfast, make your whole meal of two bananas and a pint of milk. Chew the bananas very fine before swallowing. And each sip of milk is to be washed around in the mouth several times before swallowing. This mixes the milk thoroughly with the saliva and prepares the milk better for digestion. Of course, you understand that the better food is digested the more strength you get from that food. The idea in chewing food as thoroughly as I advise is to enable you to get more strength from it.

Stewed fruits are also good with a breakfast. But don't use much sugar on them; no sugar at all on stewed fruit is still better. The use of sugar in this connection makes needless fermentation and gas in the stomach.

Beans are rather too "hearty" for the morning meal. If you do eat them, don't eat whole wheat at the same meal. Soda crackers or toasted bread will be better. White potatoes have no place in any meal of the day, except once in a while well baked. Physical trainers have learned, from long experience, that the white potato is not a really healthful food; the sweet potato is not a whole lot better, either.

Once in a while toast, jam and a little fish, boiled, will make a good change in the way of a breakfast. Try to eat your food in the combinations I give you, as in each combination there is sufficient nourishment of the different kinds that are required in the body.

Another change for your breakfast is provided by making the meal on a little fruit and a food that is sold in the market under the name of "apetizo." It looks like brown bread, and, with cream or butter on it, it is a perfect food for the young athlete.

Beware of the "predigested" breakfast foods that are offered. Your stomach needs to do its own digesting, just as your muscles need exercising.

Now, please don't write at once and ask me what to eat at the other meals. I am coming to that!

Letters from Readers

NOTICE.—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "The Young Athlete's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Columbia, S. C., June 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have just read No. 20 of your famous weekly, and think it, like all the rest of The Young Athlete series, to be O. K. I have been reading your weekly for about two months, and shall continue to read it until it gives out, which I hope and trust it will never do. As I see that you give friendly advice to those who ask it, I will ask you a few questions and give you my measurements. I am 13 years 9 months of age, height 4 feet 6 inches, weight 75 pounds, chest normal 29 inches, chest expanded 31½ inches, from knee to heel 17 inches, from knee to waist 20½ inches, waist measure 28 inches. (1) Why doesn't Sato play ball? (2) Am I well proportioned? (3) Am I well developed for a boy of my size? I shall be much obliged to you if you will answer these questions. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours,

H. S. R.

P. S.—I swim and ride the bicycle. Are these good exercises?

(1) Inow Sato does play ball. He has been playing at first base. (2) Fairly well proportioned, except that your waist is much too large. (3) Covered by answer to Question 2. As to riding the bicycle, it is a sport that is too often abused.

Montgomery, Ala., June 23, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read from No. 1 to the present issue of your wonderful weekly, and think it one of the best published. I also think Frank Manley is a boy for every American to copy after. Hal Spofford is a fine lad and is coming after Frank. Joe Prescott ought to think more of girls than he does, but I think he will grow to like them after awhile. And Kitty is the finest girl I ever heard of. As a reader of this weekly, I would like to have you answer a question. (1) I am 14 years of age, weight 98 pounds, height 4 feet 11 inches. (2) What should I do to have broad shoulders and weigh a little more? Do you think I am high enough? I ride five miles on my wheel every morning before breakfast; is bicycle riding good for me? I will close, wishing success to you and Frank Tousey. I remain,

Zack the Office Boy.

It seems to me that you are large enough. Running would be far better for you than bicycle riding.

Hogansville, Ga., June 27, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Will you please answer a few questions and give me some information? I am 15 years 8 months of age, weight 122 pounds, height 5 feet 7 inches, neck 14 inches, chest normal 31 inches, chest expanded 34 inches, right biceps 10 inches, right biceps contracted 12 inches, left biceps 10 inches, left biceps contracted 12 inches, right wrist 7 inches, left 6¾ inches, waist 27 inches, right thigh 18 inches, left thigh 18 inches, right leg 12 inches, left leg 12 inches, right calf 10 inches, left calf 10 inches, ankles 9 inches. On both my right and left biceps there is a hard chord or something right on top of each when I straighten them. (1) What do you think that is? I take regular dumbbell and physical culture exercises every morning about five; but I run across a long pasture first, and exercise every evening about 6:15; I also bathe in the evening after work. I am a helper in a blacksmith shop and use the sledge sometimes. (2) Do you think that is right? (3) Will you please tell me my weak points and give me information

on developing them? By the way, I showed a boy a copy of The Young Athlete's Weekly the other day, and he said: "Aw, I don't read boys' stories." Finally he commenced reading it. I let him have it to read. Next morning I asked him how he liked it. He said, "That was simply fine. Where did you get it?" Now, just such as that is all I have heard them say who have read it. "It can't be beat," is what they say. Before wearying you I will wish you success with your mission as physical director.

Yours truly,

Yaino Hlaglashi.

P. S.—How high should parallel bars be for a boy my height, 5 feet 7 inches?

Your measurements are a shade light, but that is due to your being tall for your age. The hardness you note on your biceps is due probably to the fact that you are doing very heavy work at your age. I consider the sledge in a blacksmith shop too heavy an implement at your age. You will have to look out that you do not become muscle-bound. Do less heavy work if you can and, in any case, in your gymnastics do a lot of light, very quick work in order to keep your muscles quick and elastic. The height of the parallel bars in the case of one who shows signs of muscle-binding will have to be regulated a good deal by comfort.

New York City, June 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Kindly answer my questions, as I am an admirer of your weekly. I am 13 years old, height 4 feet 10 inches, the stoutest part of my leg is 10 inches, the stoutest part of my arm is 6¾ inches, neck 10 inches, wrist 4¾ inches, chest normal 24 inches, expanded 25 inches, waist 22 inches, hips 25 inches, thighs 13 inches, knees 11 inches, ankles 8 inches, hand (without thumb) 6¼ inches, face (from ear to ear without nose) 8¾ inches, shoulders 12½ inches, weight 72 pounds. Please tell me my defects and how to remedy them. Also tell me how to develop myself generally, especially the muscles, and how to gain weight.

An Anxious Reader.

Measurements satisfactory in the main, but your waist is too large, and you should go in to increase your chest expansion. The way to develop generally is to go in for general exercise, running included. Thorough chewing of your food will gradually increase your weight.

Washington, D. C., June 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of The Young Athlete's Weekly I take the liberty of sending my measurements. Age 14 years, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 100 pounds, neck 13 inches, shoulders 18 inches, chest uninflated 31½, chest inflated 32½, waist 28, right arm 9½, right arm expanded 9¾, left arm 9, left arm expanded 10, calf 13¾, wrist 6¼. I can do 15 feet in running broad jump, and in the high jump 3 feet 8 inches; can put 16-pound shot 22 feet. How may I become a long-distance runner? Which are my weak points and which are my strong? I remain,

Yours truly,

W. F. S.

Waist too large and chest expansion too little. Other measurements satisfactory. Broad jump all right for the present, but try to beat the high jump a little. Try to get at least four more feet for the shot, but do not strain in the effort. The only way to train for distance running is to keep steadily at it; but never strain the wind, heart or muscles. Be content with gradual improvement.

Cherokee, Kan., June 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read twenty-two numbers of your most valuable library, The Young Athlete's Weekly, and admire them very much. They are not only entertaining, but instructive. Manley is a model of a young man to pattern from. I cannot praise your weekly enough. I highly recommend it to every boy in the United States as the best boys' weekly. Stripped I stand 5 feet 8 inches high, neck 13 inches, breadth of shoulders 16 inches, weight 124 pounds, age 16 years 3 months, chest contracted 31½, chest normal 32¾, expanded 36 inches, waist 30 inches, right thigh 18½ inches, left thigh 18¾, calves 13 inches, ankles 8¾ inches, wrists 6¾ inches, left bicep 9¾ to 11, right bicep 10 to 11¼. Reach of hands 69 inches. Can go 100 yards in 11 seconds. can jump 4 feet 1 inch high, and can chin with both hands 15 times. First distance run was two miles exactly, and I was not winded when I quit, but stopped because my brother, older than me, wanted us to. I am not bragging. (1) How are my measurements and records? (2) Point out weak and strong points. (3) Please give remedy for weak points. I have a creaking in my left elbow and right knee; what is the cause of this and what will cure it? I am taking your advice in eating, etc., and am noting a change in my physique. I will now bring this wordy letter to a close.

With best wishes,

Ed. Hughes.

P. S.—Answer through The Young Athlete's Weekly.

Measurements good; records also. (2) No really weak points. You average well. (3) Continued exercise will do away with the trouble at the joints. I am very glad that you are chewing right. Your first run shows that you have great possibilities along this line, and I would advise you to go in to become a "crack" runner. Experience will show whether you can do better at sprinting or distance work, but I judge it will be at the latter.

Algiers, La., June 21, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading The Young Athlete's Weekly and find it O. K., and have been wanting to ask you a few questions. I am 22 years of age, and am 5 feet 4½ inches tall and weigh 105 pounds. Would you please tell me how I can increase my weight and get a little taller? I remain,

Your faithful reader,

B. O. T.

The proper chewing of food, as advocated at all times in this publication, will increase your weight. If it is possible for you to grow taller general gymnastics will bring about the result.

New York City.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read The Young Athlete's Weekly from No. 1 to the present date. How are my measurements? Age 11 years, weight stripped 75 pounds, height 4 feet 10 inches, neck 11 inches, chest 27 inches, chest expanded 29 inches, waist 25 inches, right thigh 10 inches, left thigh 10 inches, calves 8 inches, wrist 6 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points? (3) How can I strengthen my weak points? (4) Is jiu-jitsu good for me? Hoping to see this in print, as I am very anxious to know, I am,

Yours truly,

An Admirer of Jackets.

Waist much too large, calf too small, chest expansion should be improved. You want general exercise, also running, deep breathing and the very thorough chewing of your food. Jiu-jitsu is ideal work for any one; it is the physical training that the Japanese soldiers receive.

Akron, O., June 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read every number from No. 1 to 22, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. Age 17 years 8 months, height 5 feet 9 inches in stocking feet, neck 13 inches, shoulders 17 inches, chest contracted 32 inches, chest normal 34 inches, chest expanded 36 inches, right bicep flexed 11 inches, left 10¾ inches, waist 27 inches, right forearm 9¾ inches, left forearm 9½ inches, wrist 6¼ inches, thighs 19 inches, right calf 12½ inches, left calf 12 inches, ankle 7¼ inches. (1) How can I broaden my shoulders? (2)

Would you advise raising on toes for calves? (3) What would be good for my arms? (4) I am snuffing salt water for catarrh; do you think this is injurious in any way? How can I increase my weight? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

An Admirer.
F. S.—I think The Young Athlete's Weekly is the best weekly published.

(1) There is no royal short way. General gymnastics, with considerable work on the horizontal bar will gradually accomplish the desired result. The exercise you name is useful, but running and work on the rowing machine will develop the calves much more rapidly. (3) General exercise involving the arm. (4) The salt water will do no harm. (5) All-around training, including the thorough chewing of your food.

Holyoke, Mass., June 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of The Young Athlete's Weekly, and I take the liberty of sending you my measurements, which are as follows: Age 16 years, weight 126 lbs., height 5 feet 4½ inches, chest normal 34 inches, chest expanded 37½ inches, neck 13¼ inches, waist 23 inches, from shoulder to shoulder 18 inches, calves 13½, thigh 18½, biceps normal 10, expanded 12½, ankle 9. I wish you would name my strong and weak points and state what exercises are best for me. I am training for a long swim. I am rather short-winded. Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

Very truly yours,

Arthur Beaulieu.

Your measurements are excellent, except that your waist is at least an inch too large. You require the same general training as other boys. Both muscles and wind must be good before you can go in for distance swimming.

Lawrence, Mass., June 21, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read every one of The Young Athlete's Weekly up to No. 21, and I think there could be no better book published than it. I am 13 years 3 months old, weight 81 pounds, height 9½ feet, biceps 9 inches. I am going to ask you a few questions: (1) How are my measurements? (2) Which are my weak points, and how can I help them? (3) Are 1-pound dumbbells and Indian clubs too small for me? We are starting a club from the suggestions contained in No. 21 of your Talks. I follow your directions in the back of the book. Please excuse my writing and paper. Hoping to hear from you soon through your weekly, I remain,

Yours very truly,

T. Collins.

(1) I am unable to give an opinion, as through a slip of the pen you declare your height to be nine and a half feet, which, of course, I do not for a moment believe. Answering Question No. 3, I do not believe one-pounders to be too light at your age; still, you can use two-pounders if you wish.

Amsterdam, N. Y., June 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of The Young Athlete's Weekly, I take the liberty of asking some questions. I am 15 years old, height 5 feet 2 inches, weight 104 pounds, wrists 6 inches, waist 28 inches, neck 13½ inches, shoulders 18 inches, calves 13 inches, thighs 18 inches, chest normal 30 inches, chest expanded 32 inches, forearm 8 inches, expanded 9 inches. (1) How can I become a long-distance runner? (2) What should I do to become an athlete? (3) How are my measurements? (4) What are my weak points, and how can I improve them?

A Young Athlete Admirer.

(1) By constant practice. (2) Go in for all-around training, like any one else who wants to become an athlete. (3) Good, except waist too large. (4) Take up the waist-line work described in recent numbers of this publication.

New York, June 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read The Young Athlete's Weekly since it first came out, I take the liberty to ask a few questions. I am 18 years old, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 149 pounds, neck 14½ inches, across shoulders 19 inches, chest 34

inches, expanded 36½ inches, waist 33½ inches, right wrist 7 inches, left wrist 7½ inches, thigh 18 inches, calf 13½ inches. (1) How am I built? (2) I would like to gain thirty pounds; how can I? (3) How much ought I weigh? (4) Tell me my weak and strong points. Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours,

T. J. Loughran.

(1) Fair average, but waist too large and chest expansion under the mark. (2) You are already a few pounds too heavy. (3) At your age about 132 pounds. (4) See answer to Question No. 1.

New York City, June 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read Pluck and Luck and The Young Athlete's Weekly, and I think The Young Athlete's Weekly is the best. I am 12 years 5 months old, weight 107 pounds, height 4 feet 11¼ inches, wrist 7 inches, biceps 12 inches, calf 13 inches, thighs 19 inches, neck 13¼ inches, ankles 9½ inches, chest 32 inches, normal, 33½ inches expanded, 30 inches contracted, shoulders 36½ inches, waist 29 inches, hips 28 inches. (1) How are these measurements? (2) Am I good for a wrestler? (3) Is wrestling a good exercise? I'll be waiting for an answer every day.

An Eager Reader.

(1) If your flesh is hard you are of powerful build. Your waist is too large. (2) You ought to make a good wrestler. (3) Excellent.

Washington, D. C., June 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like to have your opinion on my measurements. I am 16½ years old, height 5 feet 4¼ inches, weight 110 pounds, chest uninflated 32 inches, chest inflated 33¼ inches, neck 14 inches, shoulders 18½ inches, waist 29½ inches, right arm 10 inches, right arm expanded 11½ inches, left arm 10 inches, left arm expanded 11¼ inches, calves 13¼ inches. How are these records: Running broad jump 16 feet, running high jump 4 feet 6 inches, put 16-pound shot 28 feet, can chin myself 20 times. Which are my weak points and which are my strong ones? What is the record for the intermediate high jump? I remain,

Yours truly,

J. J. R.

You are a dozen pounds under weight; chest expansion poor and waist too large. The records are good at your age. I do not understand what you mean by "intermediate."

Henderson, Ky., June 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a reader of The Young Athlete's Weekly, and I believe it is the very best published. Will you please answer these questions: (1) What exercises are good to make the muscles in the arm strong? (2) What will a complete athletic library cost? (3) How would you organize an athletic club?

Yours respectfully,

W. E. N.

(1) All exercises that employ the arms vigorously. (2) You can fill the bill by getting Frank Tousey's ten-cent handbooks on athletics. (3) Talks on this subject are published in Nos. 21 and 22 of this publication.

Pass Christian, Miss., June 27, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read The Young Athlete's Weekly from No. 1 to date. Would you please tell me what you think of my measurements? Age 13 years, height 4 feet 11 inches, weight 90 pounds, chest 27 inches, chest expanded 31 inches. I am a pitcher and would like to know how to acquire speed. I am chicken-breasted. Could you tell me how to cure this?

E. J. Adam.

Measurements are good at your age. Speed in pitching will come through constant practice, backed by light, quick gymnastic work. Treatment of the deformity mentioned is beyond the scope of this department.

St. Clair, Pa., June 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am pleased to read your "king of weeklies," and I would like to ask you a few questions. (1) How are my measurements? I am 15 years 6 months old; my weight is 101 pounds, height 5 feet 1½ inches, chest normal 29 inches,

chest expanded 32 inches, neck 12½ inches, arm 10 inches, wrist 6 inches, biceps 12½ inches, length of arms 29 inches, width of shoulders 14½ inches, calves 12½ inches. (2) What are my weak points and what exercises will remedy them? (3) How can I remedy my wind? Hoping to see this printed in The Young Athlete's Weekly soon, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A Would-be Athlete.

(1) Measurements good. (2) Do not note any weak points. (3) Remedy poor wind by steady and moderate practice at running, and three times daily take twenty-five deep breaths after the fashion described by Frank Manley in No. 27 of The Young Athlete's Weekly.

New Woodstock, N. Y., June 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read a few copies of The Young Athlete's Weekly and enjoy them very much. I have a few questions I would like to ask, please. (1) How do my measurements compare with my age? Age 16 years, height 5 feet 4 inches, weight 105 lbs., across shoulders 15 inches, neck 13 inches, chest normal 28 inches, chest expanded 30 inches, chest contracted 27 inches, biceps 8 inches, biceps flexed 9 inches, forearm 8 inches, calves 11½ inches, waist 25 inches, wrist 6 inches, thigh 17 inches, reach 26½ inches, knee 12¼ inches, from finger-tip to finger-tip 66 inches. (2) How can I get more weight? I am a hearty eater and don't hurry. (3) I don't run very far now; what distance should I run to begin on? (4) I am learning to pitch the curves, and the day after pitching my arm is very lame. I am left-handed. What makes the arm lame and sore? (5) Should I learn to throw with my right arm? I wish Frank would explain his wonderful spit ball; I like it. I am going to have either a punching bag or a pair of boxing gloves. (6) Which would you advise me to get? If you will kindly print this letter in The Young Athlete's Weekly I shall thank you in advance. I am your friend and an admirer of the Y. A. W.

L. M. P.

Pitcher and Captain of the N. W. A. B. B. C.

(1) Biceps an inch under standard; calf an inch and a half too small; you should work for an inch or an inch and a half more chest expansion. (2) It is evident that you do not keep on chewing and chewing your food until it is ground to a fine pulp; if you did you would soon begin to take on weight. Probably, also, you take beverages with your meals; you should drink no beverages for a half an hour before or half an hour after eating, and none at all while eating. (3) As far as you can run with comfort, increasing the distance very gradually as improved wind and muscular condition will permit. (4) The lameness is caused by your not being in the fullest enjoyment of muscular condition. (5) Every ball player should be able to use both arms and hands creditably. (6) If you can have but one, the punching bag.

Dear Physical Director:

Utica, N. Y.

Being a reader of your famous Young Athlete's Weekly, I take the liberty to ask a few questions, to be answered through the columns of your physical culture department. (1) I am 15 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, weight 134 pounds, chest normal 32 inches, chest expanded 35 inches, waist 32 inches, hips 37 inches, neck 15 inches. (2) What are the proper measurements, height and weight, of a boy 15 years old? (3) I think I am too light. How can I increase my weight? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

A Faithful Reader,

E. John Vaeth.

(1) Measurements good, except that waist is two inches too large. (2) There can be no such thing as one set of standard measurements for all boys of a given age. Your proportions are good, save for the one exception noted. (3) Chewing your food with great thoroughness will do more than anything else to increase your weight.

Bemidji, Minn., June 20, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 17 years old and 5 feet 5 inches tall, chest normal 31 inches, chest expanded 35½ inches. About how many pounds should I weigh?

Yours truly, J. M. Peterson.

About 123 pounds.

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